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THE ANNUAL

OF THE

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 7

PUBLISHED BY
THE ANNUAL STAFF, IN BEHALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914

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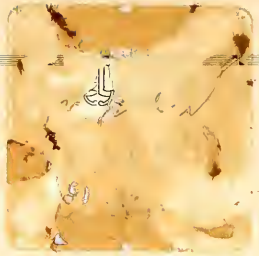
The Big Store



The Big Store

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The Big Store

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All M. H. S. and Big League Scores Received Here.

Stecker Bros.

Cigar and Billiard Parlor

Everything New

61 North Main St.

What Does It Mean?

Every photo made for reproductions used in the embellishment of this Annual was made at

The Burkholder Studio

There must surely be some good conclusive reason. Think this over.

Hale Sturges Printing Co.
Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

OF THE

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 7

PUBLISHED BY

THE ANNUAL STAFF, IN BEHALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914

The Staff

HELEN BLOOR, Editor-in-chief

NED WILLIS, Business Manager

RICHARD MAXWELL, Assistant Business Manager

MARION DOUGLASS, Literary Editor

SAUL HOLDSTEIN, Art Editor

CLAUDE MCDONALD, Athletic Editor

LUCILE CROUSE, Grind Editor

ROBERT HALE, Photo Editor

Table of Contents

Title Page 5
Editorial Staff 6
Table of Contents 7
Dedication 9
Mr. Davis' Picture 10
Mr. Helter's Picture 11
High School Building 12
Foreword 13
Faculty 14
Greetings—Poem—*Katherine L. Bricker* 15
Senior Class Officers 16
Senior Class Pictures 17
Senior Class Poem—*Lucille Cairns* 38
Senior Class History 39
The Senior's Toast—*Martha Chambers* 40
In 1930—*Viola Schnitzer* 41
The Cane Rush—*Walter Stone* 44
The Loving Cup—*I. Finkelstein* 47
The Birth of Wisdom—*Paul McConnell* 49
A Sure Cure for a Grouch—*Dana Hughes* 51
How He Won—*Robert Remy* 53
The Delaware Trip 55
Junior Officers and Class Roll 57
Girl's Head Drawing—*S. Holdstein* 58
Sophomore Officers and Class Roll 59
"His Aim is High" Drawing 60
Sophomore Poem 61
Freshman Class Roll 63
Panorama Picture of the Four Classes 64
In Memoriam 65
Organization Drawing 66
Our Coach 67
Foot Ball Drawing—*Meade Spencer* 68
Fool Ball and Wearers of the M 69
Foot Ball Picture 70
As We Know Them 71
Schedule and Scores 72
Basket Ball Editorial 73
Basket Ball Drawing 74
Wearers of the M 75
Basket Ball Picture 76
Basket Ball Managers 77
Schedule and Scores 78
Field Day 79
Music Picture 80
Mr. Frost 81
Orchestra Picture 82
Quartette and Pianist 83
Glee Club Picture 84
Dramatic Drawing 85
Junior Play Picture 86
Dramatics 87
Grinds Drawing 88
Grinds 89
Awards 99
Staff Picture 100
Advertisements 101

BURTON RUSS

To Mr. Davis

Our esteemed principal and a true friend of the

Mansfield High School

we respectfully dedicate this book

Mr. G. A. Davis was graduated from Olivet College, Michigan in 1898. Spent the next year at the University of Michigan. For the next six years he engaged in teaching in the schools of northern Michigan. Came into Ohio where he has been for the past eight years, the time being divided between Crestline, New Philadelphia and Mansfield.

SUPT. H. H. HELTER

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Foreword

HE 1914 Annual is now in your hands. We hope that the time and humble effort so willingly given will be in some measure appreciated by the student body at large.

It has been our endeavor to present High School life in all its phases, and to make this book interesting, both to the students and to the alumni.

If in years to come the pictures, etc., contained herein, serve to call up before your mind pleasant memories of your days in M. H. S., we shall feel that our time has not been spent in vain and that we have had a reasonable degree of success.

We realize that, inasmuch as this is our first attempt at journalism, mistakes and shortcomings are inevitable. However, judge them kindly, and please enjoy the chance virtues of this book to the utmost.

We heartily thank all those who have aided us in any capacity whatsoever, especially Mr. Sidell and the Advisory Board: Miss Wiltsie, Miss Patterson, Miss Black and Mr. Bauer.

The Faculty

Mr. H. H. Helter	Superintendent
Mr. C. A. Davis	Principal
Miss Ruess	German
Miss Ort	German
Miss Patterson	English-French-Spanish
Miss Chalfant	English
Miss Abbott	English
Miss Wiltsie	English-History
Miss Stock	English-History
Miss Black	Latin-History
Miss Moore	Algebra
Miss Brightman	Latin
Miss Hemington	Dramatic-History
Miss Aberle	Study Room-Botany
Miss Herschler	Study Room
Miss Ballard	Art Department
Miss Mohler	Elementary Science
Miss Bedger	Commercial Dept.
Mr. Carmine	Commercial Dept.
Mr. Bauer	Commercial Dept.
Mr. Sidell	Science
Mr. Turner	Mathematics
Mr. Rutt	Mathematics
Mr. Rush	Mathematics-Agriculture
Mr. Frost	Music
Mr. Hawk	Mechanical Drawing
Miss Beck	Domestic Art
Miss McIlvaine	Office Assistant

Greeting

N-earing June and worried, wondering who will pass;
I-ndependent Seniors, just a grand big class.
N-ever miss a lesson, but disclaim our fate;
E-ver at our duties, ne'er a moment late.
T-eachers oft grow weary, feeling some regrets
E-very time they find a boy or girl who frets.
E-cstasies and gladness just before we part;
N-o fears of cold misfortune dwell in a single heart.

F-orward March! Courage! such mottoes let us read
O-n searching for success, better still to heed.
U-pward ever aiming, in fields broad and new;
R-ich rewards are lurking and await a few.
T-hus striving, e'er pushing onward in the race,
E-agerly pursuing and never breaking pace.
E-ach day let's live a school day, our work well done,
N-o idle hopes cherish, till victory is won.

—KATHARINE L. BRICKER '14.

Senior Class Officers

Vaughn Dean	President
Geneva Hoffman	Vice President
Zelda Greenlee	Secretary
Zent Garber	Treasurer
Lewis Brumfield	Sergeant-at-arms

LUCILLE CAIRNS

Lucille is a jovial girl, good-natured, and consequently she seems to fit in any place. Is rather sarcastic at times, however, but she has many good qualities which completely overshadow it. One of her many virtues is that she has a goodly supply of what most of us lack—common sense.

"She has a kindly spirit and a friendly air."

HUGH OSBUN

Hugh is another of our mental phenoms. His subtle reasoning in Math. and Physics is a constant source of wonder to his classmates. Secretly admires the girls but never lets it appear.

"Whence is thy learning?"

WILHELMINA HEYER

"Bill" has worked hard during her four years, and is finishing with a good record. Inclined to disagree and argue.

"For what she will, she will, you may depend upon it."

CARL THIEME

Carl is one of the fine commercial pupils. He studies as little as possible, but generally manages to bluff his teachers.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

MARGARET HURSH

Here is the quietest girl we ever knew. Popular with the girls and admired by the faculty.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown; take care."

MEADE SPENCER

Keith / Bldg Cleveland

Here is a man of whom we all feel proud. He is always courteous, always the same. Meade is quite an artist, also has some musical and dramatic ability.

"Would there were more men like this one."

MAE TINKEY - Verne Henry - 570 Woodbill City Rd.

Mae surely believes that the "best study of mankind is man." She is an all-round good girl, and seems to fit in any place. She is one who never misses a good time, but who, if necessity demands, can be quite dignified.

"Away with books, let's have some fun."

DONALD CHESROWN - Morgantown, W. Va.

Donald is always courteous and noted for his polished manners? He likes to cause a disturbance.

"Greater men have lived, but I don't believe it."

MATILDA RUST Gibbon - R.D. Shelby

This is the girl who loves basket ball, especially this year's captain. She is a fine student.

"A contented mind above all."

LEO FOX 604 Malvern Rd. - Akron

Always friendly and in good humor, and would have made a fine, husky foot ball player, if his mamma would have let him play.

"As proper a man as one shall see in a summer's day."

HENRIETTA FRANK - 33 Sycamore.

She is always yawning and apparently suffering from loss of sleep. Not accustomed to study very much. Popular with the girls of the class.

"So calm, so steady, so true was her nature."

HARRY MCNIECE Canton, Ohio 2Kels & Dalia

Motorcycles form the chief diversion in life for this man, and he is always riding—that is, when he is awake. He was once in love, but we think he is cured now.

"Thou seemest to enjoy thy life."

LUCILLE BEATTIE

Her aim after she finishes high school will be to forget her year's course in Physics. A good student in everything else. Popular with the faculty.

"She hath a winsome smile."

NED WILLIS 3171 Rochambeau Ave. Apt. 3A - Bronx, N.Y. City

During his Senior year Ned has become quite a society leader. Very popular with the fair maidens. However, he is a person who will endure no opposition to his will.

"Though vanquished, he could argue still."

LILLIAN GIFFORD 3201 Cor. Dennison Ave. Stratheman

Aha! Here's the girl who has a good time. Lillian is a good pupil but is somewhat averse to hard study. We are told that her chief characteristic is her lack of stature. We know better. She is lots of fun.

"So full of mirth and cheerfulness."

Strathcona - Detroit

BRYAN MILLER E. Front

Bryan is one of the best all round fellows in the school. He is quite an artist and is also interested in music.

"A friendly heart gets many friends."

MIRIAM GRABLER

Miriam is very bright and lively. Being a great talker, she is popular with everybody.

"Blest with charm and certainty to please."

El Paso Texas - Kress 10¢ Store

GORDON PATTERSON 72, S. W. Lake, Los Angeles

"Patsy" is an accomplished musician. He is regarded as a fixture in the orchestra, having belonged to it since his Freshman year.

"There is might in inches."

ALMA LASER Them.

Alma enjoys athletics as much as any boy. Never misses a game. If you want to have a good time Alma is the girl to have it with. Hates to study.

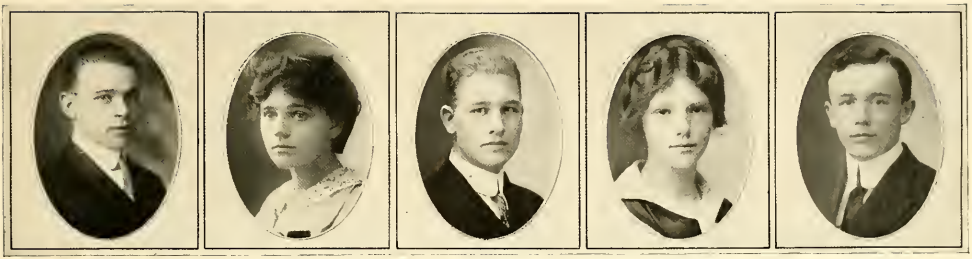
"A kindly, quiet spirit, where malice finds no home." 20 W. Arch St.

4710 Van Nuys Blvd.

BENEDICT CARROLL California, - Van Nuys

"Deeck" is the star comedian of the class, and will miss his calling if he does not follow it as his profession. He was the leader of the famous "Rubetown Band."

"I hate nobody."



CLAUDE MCDONALD City - Reba Ave.

Claude has no doubt of his own ability. He could be an A-1 student, if he chose, but is rather inclined to lead an easy life except when somebody is around to argue with him. He is one of the very few who have won Miss Hemington's favor.

"He has more business in a day than some men in a lifetime."

MARGUERITE KIENLE C. R. Kyle 1360 N. Hamline St. Paul, Minn

Marguerite is quiet and unassuming, but is always chosen when a dependable person is needed. Her chief hobby is music and she is a member of both the orchestra and glee club.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

CHARLES REYNOLDS

Charles is more particular than the vainest of maidens, when it comes to his hair. In the Phiz class he can shout more triple-jointed words than anybody else in the Senior class. Has been a member of the Orchestra during his four years in High School.

"I never cast a single reflection except in the mirror."

HELEN BLOOR Wenner - Toledo, Ohio

Helen has a marvelous intellect. Why? How could she be editor-in-chief of our Annual staff if she were not unusually brilliant? Shines in all her classes and is fond of music, but can't carry a tune in a bucket.

"Helen of Troy was not her equal."

MARTIN BUSHNELL 9, Russell Sowash, Bucyrus, O.

Here is a fellow whose chief aim in life is to enjoy himself and have a good time. Has a generous heart.

"Time elaborately thrown away."

MARGUERITE EICHELBERGER 37 Highland

To say the least, "Eich" is always on time? Dotes upon the latest styles and fads. She is always playing a trick on some one. Is rather vain.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage." (And so does powder.)

Dr WALTER STONE Nashville, Tenn; 2622 W. Ashwood St.

"Stony" is one of the busiest men in school. He enters into all the activities of school life, has fine lessons, and still has time to hold a nice position outside of school.

"He was a man of business."

MARY ROSS Frank Seyfried 608½ Main St. Toledo, O.

A very grave, yet sometimes merry, Senior. Her chief aim in life is to forget the horrors of her four years of Latin. A charming girl with a mighty pretty face and curls.

"Of manners gentle; of affections mild."

NORMAN CENTER

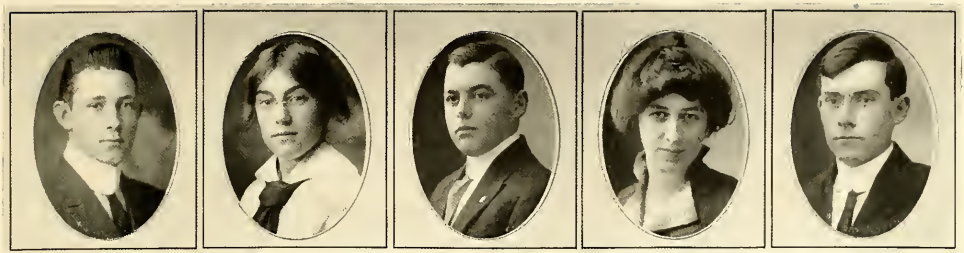
"Norm" carefully hides his thoughts under a veil of silence. While not addicted to study, he has ability along scientific lines. He has never allowed the fair sex to enter into his scheme of things. Wise boy!

"Women are the bane of his existence."

GENEVA HOFFMAN Dead. J. D. Mr Daniel - Ashland

Always laughing and enjoying life. "Dutch" has the ill luck of being the Vice President of the Senior class. Another of the girls who hate Physics.

"Thou seemest to enjoy life."



Mrs. Ray Foster

HAROLD BYERLY

"Pickles" is said to hate work and how he has slipped through high school is a mystery to all.

"I am as sober as a judge."

MARGUERITE GOETZ 225 S. Diamond City

Marguerite's chief aspiration is music; she is a very fine pianist. Quiet and always calm; she therefore makes a fine commercial pupil.

"Studious, let me sit."

JOHN CHARLES Cherry Chase Road - City

A quiet little fellow who is always in good humor. He smiles sweetly at the girls, but can never get up enough courage to make a "date."

"Short but sweet."

BURNDETTE MCCREARY Bowling Green, O

"Mac" likes to have her own way. In spite of this she is popular with everybody. Has won great fame for herself by her singing. If "Mac" is around you are sure to have a good time.

"A constant spirit, bubbling over with laughter."

JAY MCIRVIN

"Cuba" is rightly named, for he comes to Mansfield from that sunny island. Rather a good student, but inclined to become boisterous at times. Crazy about some of our fair maids.

"A man of the world must seem to be what he wishes to be." Dead.

RUBY DOOLITTLE R.D. - Mansfield

Ruby is not much of a mixer, but is admired by all her classmates. A violinist of no mean ability.

"She will succeed for she believes all she says."

RICHARD FENSCH 55 Pine Crest, City

A star student, but quiet and not accustomed to boast of the knowledge which we know he possesses. A hard and untiring striver after more learning.

"He trumpets not his own virtues."

CARRIE MILES Yoho, 502 W. Third

Carrie is gentle and mild. She talks little and is very reserved, but when you get to know her she is a jolly companion. A persistent and tireless student.

"How poor are they that have not patience."

HOWARD HART - 556 S. Diamond -

"Harty" is a fine student, especially in Physics. Takes part in all athletics, having been a valued member of our foot ball team as well as a fine basket ball player. Not much of a talker.

"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own."

HAZEL REES 1621 Sea St. N. W. - Washington, D.C

Has never been known to be angry. A good student, but not "crazy" about hard study.

"Meek, mild and inoffensive."

Dr. Louis Hurxthal 35 Webster Court. - Newton Center Mass.

"Darling" is one of our most ambitious students. The report is passed around that he recites whenever he is awake. He is an active heartbreaker and fusser of girls.

"Of all mankind, he loves himself the best."

Lucille Crouse Rummel - 220 Blymer

Popular? Yes indeed, with everybody. A good student and one who can always be depended upon. However, she is inclined to laugh easily and enjoy life to the utmost. Do you wonder that she was made Grind Editor?

"I find that nonsense is singularly refreshing."

Toddy Chesrown % Donald Chesrown

This man's chief desire is to forget the horrors of Virgil. He is "there" when it comes to cornet playing and having a jolly time.

"His words are few."

Zelda Greenlee Cornell - 3399 Lamont-de-la-Ave. Cleveland Heights

Zelda is modest and very quiet. She is quite an artist. Is well liked by everyone, but gets fussed when she recites.

"A face more fair, a form more neat,
Hath been my luck ne'er to meet."

Alva Sampsel Main St. - Milford Ohio - % Milford Rubber

"Alvy" is one of our quiet chaps from the acres. He works hard and makes the most of the valuable time in High School. A good deal of quaint humor is contained in his quiet ways.

"As Abe Martin sez—"

DON OSBUN 231 Third Ave. San Mateo, Cal.

Don has attended our high school in his Freshman and Senior years, spending the remainder of the time in the Milwaukee schools. He is usually sarcastic and difficult to please. This is probably caused by drinking too much of Milwaukee's Famous.

"If she undervalue me, what care I how fair she be."

MARTHA CHAMBERS 145 S. Garfield Ave Columbus

A very studious, delightful and sensible girl. Discreet and refined in disposition. Has gained a high standard of scholarship, and aims to "ditto" it at O. S. U.

"Still achieving. still pursuing."

HOBART HACKEDORN Sheridan Ave. City.

He is one of our star commercial pupils. He is crazy about "Martha," the gay little Sophomore. The girls think him quite handsome.

"I'm little, but I'm mighty."

MARIAN CLARK (Luther D. Clark) 2057 E. 82nd St Cleveland O.

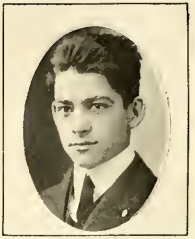
Marian is quite a poetess as well as songster. Very quiet and rather self-conscious. Used to make goo-goo eyes at the boys in her Freshman year, but has stopped this nefarious practice.

"Poetry is the music of the soul."

PERCY PECHT 289 Marion Ave,

Percy is an all-round good fellow, well liked by both sexes. He slides through school with the least possible study. He was captain of the 1913 foot ball team.

"One of the few immortal names that were not born to die."



WILLIAM MARQUIS 59 Euclid

Here is one of our star athletes. While he is more at home on the basket ball floor than in the classroom, he always gets there. "Bill" would be popular with the girls if he were not so shy.

"Men of few words are the best men."

LADONNA HARTER Arno Kallmeyer 1424 Charleston Ave. Huntington W. Va.

LaDonna is a very bright girl and quite popular with the members of her class. Has a winsome smile and a funny little twinkle in her eye. Did herself proud in our Junior play. Admired by all who know her.

"Love, let us be true to one another."

FREDERICK RIDENOUR 171 Dancy Ave.

A fellow who, though quiet, likes to have a good time and make his teachers earn their salaries. 'His looks are full of peaceful majesty."

NELLIE MYERS H.E. Mann + 214 Balfour Road Detroit Mich.

Nellie has been an office assistant all year and has won many friends by her courteous and kindly treatment of everybody. There is a whispered rumor about that she is engaged to be married, but we don't believe it.

"With cheeks like the mountain pink."

RAYMOND VOLL 113 S. Adams

Here is a man whose principal delight is to "show a teacher up," and you can depend upon it that once he starts he is hard to stop.

"A dauntless spirit."

CHRISTINE BRUNK 5305 Cadamme Ave. St. Louis

Christine is rather quiet and not disposed to push herself to the front. Popular with her teachers, but is not a "pet." Leaves behind her a good record in spite of the fact that she loathes hard study.

"Little said is easiest mended."

PAUL FRIBLEY 922 McClelland Ave. Columbia

Paul is the only "real man" in the whole Senior class. Why so? Let me whisper it to you—He is engaged to be married! He has socialistic tendencies and can argue your head off.

"No really great man ever thought himself so."

KATHARINE BRICKER Sturges Ave. Ky

Katharine is very modest but causes a good deal of excitement by her headlong translations of Virgil. A good student in spite of the fact that she is not addicted to hard study.

"I would study, I would know."

DEAN LEUTHNER 528 N. Fourteenth Ky

"Wally" is one of the best liked fellows in school. Rather quiet and never chased the girls until this year. It is said that he has a "case" on M. Rust. For three years he has been active in athletics and filled the post of Captain on the basket ball team this year.

"He is wise who doth but little."

NELLIE LONG Gates - 20 Stewart

Nellie is a splendid student, especially in German. However, she says that she fairly detests Physics. Very popular with the girls of her class.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

503 First National Bank Bldg.

VIOLA SCHNITZER - Cincinnati

Her charming personality always makes her a delightful companion and friend. Talks slowly and very deliberately. Never has been known to do anything which was not absolutely necessary.

"She is in constant good humor."

Bob
NILE CHARLES 87 Reba Ave.

Nile is one of our members who is always seeing the funny side of life. Inclined to take things as they come. When he isn't laughing he is a very intellectual looking gentleman.

"A most genial friend."

MARY CALLAHAN - deceased.

Mary has been with us only a year. She came here from Toledo and became popular immediately. Is a fine student.

"Smile, and the world lies weak before you."

JOSEPH BAYER 371 Lexington Ave. - City

"Joe" is a shark in foreign languages, also a fine commercial pupil. He graduates with more points than anyone else in the class.

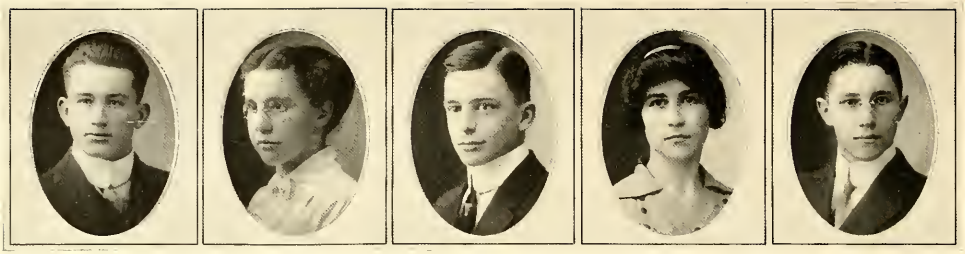
"I am not in the role of common men."

DORIS BERKSHIRE

An all-round jolly classmate. She says that she intends to be a school teacher some day. Always in a good humor.

"By studious means she wins her way."

Mrs. Frank Bradley
Bellefontaine, O.



EARL MCKEE Delta, O

"Mac" is one of our "Come Backs" of last year. He greatly distinguished himself in foot ball this year. A great tragedy has entered Mac's life. Things are not as they once were between him and Burndette.

"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

HAZEL THORNTON Knox-11 48 Bel Aire Drive Glendale, Cal.

Positively the most business-like girl we know. Mr. Davis says he could not run the school without her. One of the best in the commercial department. Very popular with students and faculty.

"The studious class is its own victim."

ROBERT WEAVER N. First - City

"Mona" is very fond of the girls and has a "case" on one or another of them all the time. A good student, but has rather "fluttery" ways, probably caused by the girls.

"A fellow of plain, uncoined constancy."

HELEN THEM Phillips Might Amateur Track Springfield Pike - Dayton, Ohio

Helen is the most popular girl we know and the prettiest girl in the class. Quite a shark in foreign languages. Enjoys fun and a good time as much as anybody.

"She hath a good disposition."

ZENT GARBER Hudson Vicent Gordon 183 Parkhurst Ave. Norfolk

Poor Zent! He can't help it because he is so bright. He is one of the very few people who are born brilliant. Is master of everything he undertakes. He is a good foot ball player.

"A man of right stamp."

Dr. MARION DOUGLASS

"Dutch" is one of our most ambitious students, gifted with great literary ability. Likes the Junior girls. Expects to add M. D. to his name some day.

"Resolved to live with all his might."

MIRIAM BRINKERHOFF 5729 Maryland Ave. Chicago

"Mim" has great ambitions and an insatiable desire to be before the public eye as much as possible. Very self-asserting, especially in Senior class meetings. Could be a leader in her classes if she took the trouble.

"The embodiment of perpetual motion."

ROBERT MCFARLAND Route 2 - Lexington, S.

He is a star at mechanical drawing, as can be easily seen by the drawing of the Senior Seal on the cover of the Annual. He has a shy and diffident smile behind which works a little devil's mind.

"A man of some ability."

FLORENCE CASEY Dellow - City

Florence is a jolly companion. Rather hard to get acquainted with. A good commercial scholar, but does not study very hard.

"Sweet and modest in her ways."

MORRIS DEWITT Dead.

Here's a fellow who is very quiet, blushes easily, and actually despises German. Not much of a mixer, but has many good friends.

"For he is a jolly good fellow."

THEODORE DAVIS 4501 Vernon Ave. Chicago

"Teddy" has done good and reliable work in school and has made many friends. He always has a happy smile.

"A man of mark."

LILLIE MYERS - ? Henry

Lillie has tried during her four years to make a good record for herself. And she has succeeded in doing so.

"Her smile was prodigal of summery shine."

LLOYD BURNESON 148 N. Main - Akron

Lloyd is always witty and good natured. He springs many original (?) puns. Is full of life and go.

"Cares not a pin what they say or may say."

LUCY DIEBLER Akron - Conner Ohio & Laird Ave

Pretty? Yes indeed. Anyway, Benny thinks so. She is a fine student and has never been known not to recite in any of her classes.

"The rose was budded in her cheek."

HARRY DENZER 1208 Ridge Road N.W. Canton Ohio

Harry is one of the well liked fellows of the Senior class. He plays in the orchestra and goes in for athletics. He is very careful of his appearance and is always up with the styles.

"While he worked, he rested."

EVELYN FRIER (David Russell - 28 Kulin

Evelyn is simply crazy about some Freshman boys. Rather quiet, but when she gets started see has a lot of fun.

"There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

SAUL HOLDSTEIN 4200 Hazel Chicago, Ill.

One who is a true friend and has genuine ability, but he can't take time from the girls to show it. Keeps his eye peeled for Esther. Loathes French and Physics.

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."

RUBY BALLANTINE 1781 E. 120 th St. Cleveland

Ruby is very quiet and reserved. A good scholar and an untiring one. The goal of her ambition is the teacher's chair.

"Things well done, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear."

ROBERT HALE 117 Maple Ave. Elmhurst, Ill.

"Red's" friends are many, but his foes—we doubt if he has any. He won great renown as cheer leader at the Delaware Tournament. His main ambition is to teach History. He is the funny-bone of the Annual Staff and is an enthusiast over athletics.

"His only books are women's looks."

HAZELLE KING Willis - 117 Highland Ave. City

Is she popular? Well, I guess yes; especially with the masculine element. Has a winning smile and pretty curls, and a pleasant little laugh, reminding one of all sorts of happy things.

"You're uncommon in some things.
You're uncommon short, for instance."

EDITH SPETKA -351 Bowman

Edith is quite a pianist. If you have never heard her play, you have missed a treat. She is a hard and tireless worker.

"Silence is one great art of conversation."

ATLEE LEWIS Shelby, Ohio

A fresh and unassuming youth. He was rather green when he arrived from the verdant pastures of the countryside, but since that time he has become quite citified.

"As true as steel."

MABLE ZIEGLER Gordon Evans 16104 Parkdale Ave. Cleveland.

Above all things Mable hates to work. She is a fun lover and will do anything to have a good time. Is a great kidder.

"Why do you laugh?"

RICHARD MAXWELL U. S. A. B. C. — New York City 11 B.C. Studio

We are told that Dick's cheerful smile is the reflection of Nature, and that he knows as much about the woods of northern Ohio as he does about Latin. As soon as Dick can add M. D. to his name he expects to form a prosperous alliance with some reliable undertaker.

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for a care, a fig for a woe."

DOROTHY BAXTER Mrs. Alfred Reynolds 1977 W. 32nd

Dorothy sets a very high standard for herself and usually attains it. When she makes up her mind she is very determined, in fact even stubborn. Has the habit of interrupting classes by her giggling spells.

"She seeketh diligently after knowledge."

LUCILLE OBERLIN Stuart Oberlin - 229 Rowland

Lucille is very popular with teachers, especially Charles. She is one of the few people of this world who have the natural endowment of a brilliant mind. A vivacious, good-natured girl of sound judgment.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Dr. chiropractor VAUGHN DEAN 1815 N. Meridian St. Indianapolis

Vaughn is president of our Senior class and has ably guided us over the rocks of dissention and managed the affairs of our class with great ability.

"A man passes for what he is worth."

FAYE GRIEBLING 5-28 Pine St. Johnstown, Pa.

Faye is quiet and has a kindly disposition. She is a fine student and is very dependable.

"Quiet, gentle, still."

GEORGE DODGE ?

George is one of our most promising students. He is a great enthusiast over athletics, and divides his time equally between rooting for the team and raising poultry.

"A chicken, a chicken, my kingdom for a chicken."

RUTH CAMPBELL Harbaugh 173 N. Dickson

Ruth is always laughing, and everything seems to strike her on the "funny-bone." Her aim is to pass in Physics and then forget the stuff forever.

"Hang sorrow. Care killed a cat, and therefore let's be merry."

HELEN CONARD - John Lord - 5510 Roosevelt Way Seattle Wash.

Here is "the" star commercial pupil. A lover of art in all its phases. She is a poetess of rare and marked ability. Delights in varied and complicated hair-dressing.

"To friends a friend."

LOUIS BRUMFIELD - Richland County

Louis has a highly artistic temperament. He boasts of graduating with nineteen points. He has found his true affinity in D. Baxter.

"Always gayest of the gay."

FRIEDA MAGLOTT Goetz - S. Main

Here is one of our quiet, modest little girls. Never has been known to cut up in the classes or to make goo-goo eyes at the fellows.

"She was a modest one."

CHARLES SCHILL 28 Reba Ave

"Schilly" believes that attending school consists of 5 parts study and 95 parts amusement. Attending strictly to this formula he thoroughly enjoys himself.

"As merry as the day is long."

RUTH MATZ Our Rooms - 10 Bradford Ave. Dix

Ruth is exceptionally quiet; never causes any disturbance in her classes. In this respect she is very different from most of our girls.

"There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student."

HAZEL UNDERWOOD 149 N. Fourth

Hazel's nickname is "Pokie" and it describes her better than we can. She is very popular, especially with the Freshman boys. Delights in creating a commotion in the study room.

"Too much mustard."

WINONA NEWLON ~~Bingo~~ Myrna Miller 459 Gleason

Winona is the smallest girl in our class. A "cut-up" in the study rooms. Not prone to study to excess. Inclined to giggle at frequent intervals and create much excitement.

"Fashioned so slenderly."

Florence Odenbaugh - (Laird Miller)
White Chimney - Evanston, Ill.
Francis Williams - Miami, Kansas.
Katherine Binsta -
Edna Smythe - Marionette.
Sherman Gleason
Elenna Draffan
Dorothy Lamirand
Leo Fox - Akron

Earl Hoffman - N. Mulberry
Earl Babcock.

Senior Class Poem

Lucille Cairns '14

Among the many Freshmen
From the class of nineteen-ten,
There are about one hundred left
Who weathered to the end.

We had our numerous trials
From our higher classmen great;
The haughty taunts of Sophomores—
That is a Freshman's fate.

But we, like Job, had patience,
And next year, in our turn,
Compelled those new, green Freshies
A similar fate to learn.

Oh! happy was our Junior year.
With all its Festives gay!
And luckily we passed Exams,
Except—well, I wont say.

And then we came as Seniors—
Something grand, and great, and fine;
And hoped and prayed with beating heart
To graduate in time.

Now, all is well that ends well,
As in this case is seen.
Take off your hats and wave them high
To old "Nineteen-Fourteen."

Senior Class History

ONE bright morning in September, 1910, more than one hundred boys and girls entered the doors of the Mansfield High School as Freshmen. For some time we wandered around the halls rather aimlessly and were jeered at by our upperclassmen. After some time, however, the "grand head of affairs," Mr. Hall, succeeded in getting us all to the auditorium, where he, after shouting till he was hoarse, and getting very angry, succeeded in getting us into our proper sections and classes.

All year we battled with subjects, strange and new.

Our studies kept us up until the "wee small hours of the morning," but we had plenty of perseverance, and in September, 1911, we again entered the portals of the old brick mansion, but now, not as Freshmen, but as proud and haughty Sophomores.

Oh! ours was a proud and happy class! Ah, now we in turn taunted the Freshmen, and we, too, had the privilege of electing class officers. Claude McDonald was chosen as our president, and very ably he filled the office. We soon took an active interest in athletics, and some of the boys who are now our stars, started their career in 1911.

Oh, happy was the Junior year for the class of 1914. We are all ready to vouch that it was the "cream of all."

First came the election of class officers and Richard Maxwell, as president, managed affairs very well.

Committees were appointed by him to arrange for the annual Junior-Senior Reception.

For the reception the auditorium was tastefully decorated with ferns and red and white streamers running from a large red and white paper canopy under the center chandelier. The essential feature of the evening's entertainment was a modern drama entitled "Ellen's Elopement," which was splendidly presented and gave evidence of much hard work by both Miss Hemington and the players. The cast included La-Donna Harter, Charles Reynolds, Helen Them, Claude McDonald, Lucile Oberlin, Gordon Patterson and Meade Spencer.

After the reception, the play was twice given in public, before very large and appreciative audiences.

Some weeks later we gave the Junior Party at the Masonic Temple. Dancing was the principal diversion of the evening. The party was a pronounced success.

Now we have reached the promised land and are Seniors. Seniors! Think of the significance of that name. We are now the ruling portion of the school and we are proud to be in such a position.

Early in the fall we elected class officers and Vaughn Dean was chosen president. Under his guidance all things are progressing finely. Next the Annual Staff was elected and entered upon the task set before them by their class mates.

After many class meetings and much discussing we have decided upon our class pins and invitations.

The Senior Quartette made its appearance not long since and immediately became very popular.

Now we are so engaged in the social whirl that we seldom stop to think that it is a matter of a few months until we will receive our diplomas and our life at M. H. S. will be finished.

However after these four years of struggles and pleasures we expect, in June, to leave the old school; yet we are sure that our pleasant memories and happy recollections of our four years spent in M. H. S. will make us feel ourselves a part of the dear old school forever.

The Senior's Toast

Here's to M. H. S.! Where one can't shirk,
But spend four happy years of fun and work;
Puzzling over lessons that seemed such a bore—
Now that they're finished, we love the old school more.

Here's to the Superintendent, and Principal too—
The finest men whom we ever knew.
And if anyone says the system's not good,
We can honestly answer: "They did all they could."

And here's to the Faculty! Long may they reign
And assign those lessons of terror and pain.
We will heartily thank them in future strife
For pounding into our heads the necessities of life.

Here's to our Under-classmen! May they be
As clever and wise and learned as we.
And oh, how we love them—the dear little Crickets!—
For squandering their coin on our athletic tickets.

And here's to each other, held in high esteem,
Members of the class of Nineteen Fourteen!
And in our minds will dwell forever
The happy days that we spent together.

—Martha Chambers.

In 1930

I.

One afternoon, while in a doze,
A wonderful vision before me 'rose;
I saw all the members of that great mass,
Of the Nineteen Fourteen unsurpassed class.

II.

I saw Don, still lean and long,
In the courtroom righting wrong.
In the jury was Underwood fair,
Laughing, as yet with not a care.

III.

Would you believe it? Lewis Brumfield
Before the altar his doom has sealed.
Maxwell wanders the world a tramp;
Weaver lives in a soldier camp.

IV.

In a restaurant in the east
Where you're sure to get a feast,
Oberlin always goes to dine
Because Reynolds is chef in the kitchen fine.

V.

Tinkey's now joined to Pecht for good,
And Bricker cooks a poor man's food.
Z. Garber has broken many a heart,
But LaDonna from him never will part.

VI.

H. Them married a printer of fame;
F. Casey has taken Leuthner's name;
Evelyn is known all over the world
For the suffragette banner she unfurled.

VII.

Winona is a speaker rare
And for the men gives not a care;
Lillie M. is wife of an Earl;
Grabler is a flashing society girl.

VIII.

In New York lives H. Frank.
She married a man high in rank,
But she left him for R. Voll,
The famous preacher and saver of souls.

IX.

Matilda is married to Howard Hart
And never for a moment are they apart;
John Charles has become a ladies' man;
Harry Denzer a regular base ball fan.

X.

George Dodge writes poetry by the ream
For Bloor and Crouse on the stage to scream;
Carroll and Bayer keep a music store;
R. Fensch is deep in Egyptian lore.

XI.

Many of our classmates are on the stage:
Schill, as Macbeth, is quite the rage;
Gifford is fine in the sleep-walking scene—
Her encores are never under sixteen.

XII.

Carrie Miles is on a ranch in the west;
M. Ross is with her studying the bird's nest.
Heyer is social editor of a newspaper;
Matz has found a new substance in vapor.

XIII.

Spencer speaks to crowds on education;
McKee with him talks on salvation.
Clarke and Laser sell chinaware,
And Baxter and Chambers dress the hair.

XIV.

Lucy's disappointed in love, they say,
Because Hugh turned her down for Fay.
Brunk and Thornton for a living mend sox.
An airship maker is Leo Fox.

XV.

Frieda Maglott is a hater of men—
Her husbands in number were only ten.
One of them was Gordon tall,
Another was our old friend Saul.

XVI.

Goetz is at the head of our nation;
Samsel is taking a small vacation;
A wonderful scientist is good old Jay,
He discovers something new every day.

XVII.

Stone married a suffragette strong
And stays at home the whole day long;
He heaves many a weary sigh
And wishes within that he might die.

XVIII.

Toddy C. is on the national foot ball team.
Edith on Claude in vain does beam.
P. Fribley in his submarine is under the sea,
While Ruby B., his wife, is taking afternoon tea.

XIX.

Norman, in a circus tames the wild beasts;
N. Long for him cooks many fine feasts.
King still wears her old maid curl;
Conrad still is the same sweet girl.

XX.

M. Calahan and Atlee small
Were married early in the fall.
H. McNiece has tacked M. D. on his name.
Burndette's greatest ambition is fame.

XXI.

L. Hurxthal has settled down in France
And very ably teaches every new dance.
With him is Brinkerhoff, a kitchen maid,
And Doolittle has become his just aide.

XXII.

A bricklayer is friend Vaughn Dean;
Nellie Myers from worry has grown quite lean.
Zelda married the Duke of Wales;
McFarland the deep blue sea now sails.

XXIII.

I saw Cairns wielding the whip.
Ridenour was glad for any tip.
B. Miller discovered an unknown land;
R. Hale built a "movie" on its sand.

XXIV.

Of a hotel, DeWitt is the head;
Kienle always goes there to be fed.
Burneson is a New York cop.
N. Charles has patented a new kind of top.

XXV.

M. Eichelberger has kept, since early fall,
An establishment called an "Old Maids' Hall."
She likes it well, so they say,
And expects to live there many a day.

XXVI.

Marquis and Douglass live in the land of snow,
In the cold with the Esquimoes;
They've each married a northern belle,
And, I'm told, are living very well.

XXVII.

Doris has gone to Europe to sing
Before England's musical king.
Italy's realm Ned helps to rule;
They say he learned how at High School.

XXVIII.

M. Ziegler is married to C. Thieme
And things are not just what they seem,
For he is never at home
And she far away does roam.

XXIX.

Donald C. used to be an expert at poker,
But he reformed and is now a broker.
Ruth C. interprets people's dreams
By watching with them the moon-beams.

XXX.

M. Bushnell lives on an island alone,
But he uses his long distance phone
To call up M. Hursh, his girl,
Whom he calls his "Living Pearl."

XXXI.

Hobart in a big show plays a fife;
Traveling with him is Rees, his wife.
Geneva has been in Russia for a time.
Byerly has found a new use for lime.

XXXII.

Theodore is quite a wonder at boxing,
And Beattie's music is quite intoxing.
In a sideshow they do their feat;
There never is a vacant seat.

XXXIII.

I saw myself a teacher grave
Making the poor little children behave.
So ends the vision of our friends of yore—
Of that dear old class of one-nine-one-four.

—Viola Schnitzer '14.

LITERATURE

The Cane Rush

THE cane rush at Siwash promised to be one of unusual interest this year. Already the Freshmen, having been in school only two days, had had two class meetings, and in spite of the efforts of the Sophomores, had succeeded in electing a captain and had agreed on wearing blue flannel shirts as the best way of recognizing each other during the rush.

On Friday morning at ten o'clock practically the entire student body was surging back and forth on the campus. The Sophomores gathered in one big horde around the fire circle (as the fellows called the place where the football fires were burned) and in the middle of this crowd the biggest Sophomore in school tightly held the precious cane. The Freshmen were assembling quickly now to the right of them, and at 10:30 two of the Upper-classmen stepped forward, consulted with the captains of the two classes, blew a whistle and the rush was on.

The Freshmen came across the two hundred yards that separated them from the Sophomores, like a whirlwind. Crash! The first line was thrown back, the second and the third followed and the Freshmen fell back to reorganize. "Now Freshmen" yelled McPherson, their captain, "Let's get 'em this time. You know who's got the cane—big Tuttle! It's him we want, see? Let's go now. Remember if we can't break through on a straight buck we can climb up over

them or burrow underneath them. Are you ready?" "Hi! Hi!" yelled the Freshmen. "All right; here we go. Everybody, altogether hit them hard now!" Boom! Crash! The classes came together and this time the Freshmen had broken through. "Stop that hole there Sophs," yelled Corbin the Sophomore Captain, as he noticed the Freshmen pouring in through the opening that McPherson and two other Freshmen had made; and stop it they did, but not before fifteen Freshmen had slid through; but what were fifteen Freshmen in the middle of a maddened mob of two hundred Sophomores.

"Back to back fellers and fight it out," said McPherson quickly to the fourteen other Freshmen beside him in that howling gleeful mob of Sophs. "Now we've got you, Fresh," they yelled, "and the freshest of the lot too. Oh, you dandies!" The rush had now become a general fight and the exchange of blows was fast and furious. The little crowd of Freshmen were becoming exhausted. Where, where were the other Freshmen? Why didn't they break through and help them out. Suddenly McPherson called breathlessly: "Look-in-the-oak-if-we-move-this-bunch-there-they-fall-on-these-Sophs-and-help-us." "Right-o, Mac!" one of them yelled, "let's try it." Slowly but surely the fighting, infuriated mob of Sophomores covered the ten yards necessary for them to be under the oak. Not until they were under the tree did the Sophs discover the trick and then it was too late, for the Freshies had started to drop from the tree. Crack! Puff! Bang! Crack! It was fairly raining Freshmen and the effect was the one desired; the little bunch in the middle was strengthened, the Sophs were being cut up in small groups and were being quickly disposed of. Just then, through a small opening, McPherson saw the precious cane on the ground and big "Bob" Tuttle who had been its guardian was dazedly searching for it—evidently a Freshman had just fallen on him, both feet first. Like a flash "Mac" had the cane and was making for the edge of the crowd. He slipped it down one of the legs of his trousers, and fighting like a tiger finally reached the edge of the campus. Stopping a moment he held up the cane, waved it and yelled, "O you Sophs" and then turned and ran for the lake; but what could he do with it there? Where could he hide it? Nowhere now because it would be fatal to stop. Buen, the half-miler, was only two hundred yards behind him. He must decide something, and that quick. The boathouse was just in front of him. Now he had it. There were the canoes; they had just been painted, but that didn't make any difference. Jumping into the first one, he threw the cane into it, picked up the paddle and started across the lake. After fussing with the cane he looked back.

Five canoes had started and before he could take two more strokes they were almost on him. He must do something, so picking up a stick in the bottom of the canoe he flung it far out over the lake. "Game's up, Fresh," said two voices simultaneously as two pairs of arms caught the sides of his canoe, "Hand over the cane." "I haven't got it," he replied. "Don't tell us that you threw it overboard, because what you threw was only a stick; now where is it?" "You can search me if you want to, but I told you what I did with it. I don't look as if I swallowed it, do I?" "That's enough from you, my fresh one; we will just paddle back to the boathouse and make a search." But it was useless and

the thorough search of the lake failed to reveal the stick he had thrown overboard. So he must have thrown it because if it had been a stick it would have surely been seen floating on the surface, but the cane would sink because of the heavy iron head. "Well, he certainly hasn't got it," said Corbin, scratching his head and turning to McPherson. "Beat it, Fresh." And Mac, only too glad of a chance to get away, did as he was bidden, immediately. He was immediately surrounded by his classmates who asked with one voice, "Did you get it, Mac?" "Yes," he answered. "Come to my room tonight after nine and I'll show it to you, but don't let them (turning toward the Sophs) know." Then he immediately wended his way to his room and cleaned himself up. "Never will be able to wear that suit again," he said to himself as he tossed what was left into the waste basket, "but I don't care, I got the cane anyway."

Wonderingly the Freshmen began dropping in his room about eight-thirty. "Where is it now?" "What did you do with it?" "Did you throw it into the lake?" were some of the questions hurled at him. A few minutes after nine when his room was packed, as well as the hall outside, and some two hundred Freshmen had gone home, seeing they could not get in, Mac arose from the window-seat, opened the door of his closet and pulled out the cane. "Why it's green!" the crowd yelled. "Yes, on one side," he answered, "but not on the other, for I only had time for one side. To make it short, you all know they were painting the canoes. There was a can of paint and a brush in the one I jumped into. I dobbed the brush over it as in lay in the bottom of the canoe, and it really did look like the upper part of the keel. Then I threw that old stick out just as they got to me, but I'm sure I don't know why they didn't find it. Coming back from supper I slipped down to the boathouse and got in out of the canoe. I was afraid they would notice it, but they did not; so here it is. Say, did any of you fellows bring anything to eat?"

WALTER STONE '14.

The Loving Cup

DID you ever hear about the time we presented Mr. Sydale with a loving cup? Who was Mr. Sydale? Well, he was the coach of our foot ball team, and a finer man never coached a team. He wasn't very old, and outside of school he was just like one of the fellows. All the foot ball men thought he was the cream-de-menthe—No, that's not what I mean—well, anyway they thought he was the biggest potato in the hill, and anything he said was all right.

I am getting off my subject a little, but to explain in full the horrible details of the loving cup episode, I must tell a little about what happened before that time.

Our foot ball team of the year Nineteen Hundred and You Know, won but few games, but as we had some bad luck in players being injured, rotten refereeing, etc., we were glad enough to hold our opponents to scores as low as possible. But, notwithstanding the showing made, (which was not Mr. Sydale's fault) the team stuck to him, and when the time for the Christmas exercises drew nigh (the foot ball players always receive their letters at that time) they got together and appointed a committee to select a nice loving cup, which would be presented to Mr. Sydale on the day of the Christmas exercises.

I was a member of the committee and therefore know all of the inside facts of the loving cup episode. We (the committee) went to one of the leading jewelry stores and selected a cup that suited our fancy as well as our pocketbook. But when we told the young lady clerk that we wished to have the players' names engraved on the cup, she gravely informed us that we would need a larger one. We therefore selected a larger one and left it at the store so that the names could be engraved on it at once.

At noon of the day the cup was to be presented, I went to the jewelers after it. The young lady of whom we had purchased the cup seemed agitated and in a great hurry. (I discovered afterwards that her young man was outside waiting for her.) She wrapped the cup in tissue-paper and put it into a paste-board box, without letting me see the names engraved upon it.

I arrived at school rather late and, as the cup was so nicely wrapped, I didn't take the trouble to unwrap it—and thereby hangs this tale.

The auditorium was packed that afternoon and after the exercises were over we received our letters. Then that noble hero, Cap'n Peck, went upon the platform and in a trembling voice asked Mr. Sydale to please come forward. Mr. Sydale complied with this unexpected request and Cap'n Peck, (after he had swallowed his Adams Apple five or six times) made a very graceful presentation speech and then handed the tissue-paper wrapped cup to Mr. Sydale.

Mr. Sydale slowly stripped off the tissue-paper, while the students became very quiet. After unwrapping the cup, his eyes fell upon the engraving thereon, and he seemed to choke with suppressed emotion. This continued for several moments and then he thanked the players for the loving remembrance, in a rather husky voice. I was filled with emotion and noble thoughts myself, and continued in this condition

until several minutes later, when Mr. Sydale cornered me and showed me the engraving on the cup. I nearly fainted when I read what was on the main face of the cup. On it was engraved:

PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT BAUMGARTNER
BY
THE MEMBERS OF THE OHIO BREWERS' ASS'N

And on another face of the cup I read this witty verse:

May your days be long
And full of cheer.
May you be happy
While drinking beer.

Can you blame Mr. Sydale for being full of suppressed emotion after reading that? But, like the gentleman he was, he never cracked a smile, but he did kid the committee a great deal, after they found out how he had received a cup with such statements on it.

The Ohio Brewers' Association was holding its convention in our city at that time and as its members held their president, Mr. Baumgartner, in great esteem, they decided to present him with a nice loving cup.

Of course they had to buy their cup at the same store we bought ours, and of course they had to get mixed when we went after ours, but "all's well that ends well" and Mr. Sydale says that he treasures the real loving cup a great deal more on account of the enjoyment he got out of receiving the other one.

—I. FINKELSTEIN '14.

The Birth of Wisdom

THE rain, lashed and driven by the wind, dashed in bucketfuls, as it were, against the Reverend Osgood's house in Bay City.

The Reverend Osgood, small, serious and bespectacled, was deep in his books. Once he glanced at his watch, noting the time—eight-thirty—and then shoved his watch back into his vest pocket and continued his reading. If he was aware of the raging storm outside, he gave no sign. The Reverend had been living along the coast all his life, and he was used to such storms. He had been in Bay City four years and was well liked by all who knew him, the only objections to him being his absentmindedness and his lack of interest in worldly affairs.

This was lamentably evident. He delved deep after his knowledge of spiritual affairs and brushed those of this world aside as of no consequence whatever.

He was deeply immersed in thought, when a knock sounded at the outer door.

"Come in," called the Reverend.

The door slowly opened and a man, dripping with water, stepped into the room, closed the door quietly behind him, and stood embarrassed, holding his battered hat with both hands. His clothes were sodden with water and much the worse for wear; his shoes, almost soleless, oozed water; his face was drawn and haggard. His whole appearance betokened poverty and destitution.

"Well?" Said the Reverend, regarding him curiously.

"Sir, I—I," the man started, but speech seemed to fail him and he dropped his arms to his sides with a wretched, despondent gesture.

"My good man, what is the trouble," asked the Reverend anxiously, rising.

"Sir, I have come to you for advice and help."

"Pray be seated, be seated, my good man."

The wretch looked doubtfully at a large leather rocker and then seated himself.

"Now." The Reverend's tone was kind and sympathetic. The man began in a low, despondent tone:

"Two years ago, sir, my wife and I were living in poverty. I was out of work and my wife at the point of death. I had to do something to get money, so I broke into a house on the East Side and succeeded in getting away with about two hundred dollars. The police were hot on my trail for a few weeks but they did not discover me. But the money, I may add, was of no avail, for three weeks later my wife died leaving me alone in the world. I have no relatives."

Here his voice became husky, and after a moment's hesitation he continued.

"After that luck seemed to run against me and the thought of the stolen money preyed upon my mind. I secured work for about six months, but I was discharged for lack of attention to my duties, for my conscience smote me with such force that I could not give my attention to anything. I have not been able to get work, so I came to you for aid."

During the recital of these events in this wretched man's life, the Reverend sat gazing earnestly at him over his spectacles, his kindly, generous face showing plainly his sympathetic attitude toward him. He now spoke:

"Where have you been living?"

"In the City Lodging House on East Ave."

The Reverend sighed. Here was a chance to help a poor unfortunate soul, whom Fate itself had decreed against. He silently took out a lamentably lean wallet and extracted therefrom a twenty dollar bill and handed it to the unfortunate, saying:

"May the Lord bless you and abide with you. Your crime still stands a crime in the eyes of the Law, but God will forgive you if you pray to Him and ask His mercy."

The man had risen and now, with a sob and tears in his eyes, he took the money and grasping his kind benefactor around the waist, he knelt before him and sobbed aloud. The good Reverend placed his hand upon his head and bade him arise. The man did so. His arms, seemingly loath to leave the other's person, lingered about his waist as he arose. Then, with many thanks spoken in a voice shaken with emotion, he took his leave.

* * *

For a long time after the man had gone the Reverend sat before his study fire, meditating on the ways of the world and the misfortunes of men. Now and then he wiped a tear from the corner of his eye, for he was thinking also of the poor, unfortunate man he had just befriended.

Then suddenly he thought of the time of night, and that it must be growing late, and he reached for his watch. His fingers reached his vest pocket and a blank, surprised and puzzled look crossed his face, leaving in its place a little cynical, worldly smile.

PAUL MCCONNELL '15.

A Sure Cure for a Grouch

"O, wad some power
The giftie gie us,
To see oursel's
As ithers see us."
—*Burns.*

BETTY stormed through the hall. Betty stormed into the studyroom. Betty stormily sat down in her seat; then she glanced, or better, glared fretfully at the students nearest her. She was, as she would have termed it, "hopping mad" and she did not care who knew it. And surely she was not without reasons in arriving at this condition of mind. Had she not been given three zeros in the last three classes which she had attended? Yes indeed, she had; whence the grouch—and Betty kept on glaring.

Outside, the sun shone brightly and unceasingly on the street. There was no wind and the air felt close and almost sticky. It was undeniably hot, very hot, and the students in the studyroom showed little indication of animation or of a desire for close application to work. As Betty's anger began to cool she began to fall also into the semi-lethargy that pervaded the room and gradually became unconscious of her surroundings.

* * *

Betty sat at the big desk at the front of the room and glanced over the rapidly filling room with a feeling of dismay. This class and two more before she would be at liberty to go home. She sighed and turning, picked up a book and prepared to hear the recitation. As she looked from her book to the pupils she was dumfounded to see that Miss Bell, her History teacher, was occupying the front seat. But that was not all. Back of that worthy person sat Mr. Heyner, the algebra instructor. Upon closer inspection she observed that every person in the room was either a teacher or some other school official. However, it did not seem so very strange after all, and so she started the class.

"Miss Bell, can you tell me in what year the Magna Charta was signed and by whom?" she asked in a very intellectual voice.

"Why, why, wh-y," began Miss Bell, "you see, William the Conquorer was not satisfied with—"

"That will do" interrupted Betty as she put a big round zero on Miss Bell's card, "I'm afraid you forgot to study the right lesson."

"Mr. Heyner," said Betty, "can you tell me the answer to the question?"

"If you please, ma'am," questioned Mr. Heyner, "will you tell me what the question was?"

"If you would look at me instead of out the window perhaps you would know what is going on in class" chided Betty severely, making another zero.

"Miss Roth," she went on, "Can you tell me?"

"Well, you see, Miss Betty," replied Miss Roth, "I took so much time getting out my Latin that I did not get that far."

"Good bluff," murmered Betty to herself, "but she can't get away with it; I've worked it too often myself." Another zero.

"Well," cried Betty in desperation, "can *anyone* tell me?"

No answer greeted this appeal. Betty was disgusted and rising from her chair she burst upon the assembled pupils with this invective:

"I'm heartily ashamed of every one of you. To think of you coming to school and frittering your time away when you ought to be getting out your lessons. I'm going to report this disgraceful affair to the principal and perhaps he will have a remedy for it. You may consider this class dismissed and each one of you will receive a zero."

The persons thus addressed were filing out of the room slowly when Betty dropped her handkerchief. In bending over to recover it she bumped her head on the edge of the desk and—

* * *

Betty woke up. The teacher was standing beside her, tapping upon her head with a lead pencil. Betty glanced meekly around, and surely she was not without reasons for acting humbly.

"The signal rang about a minute ago," said a voice beside her, "and I didn't want you to miss your next class, so I thot I'd better wake you up."

Betty's grouch had vanished into the region from which it had come and the frown had disappeared from between her eyes and she actually smiled. Betty walked meekly out of the studyroom. Betty walked meekly along the hall; for Betty had seen herself from the viewpoint of the people against whom her anger was bitterest and she found that they only acted with just cause.

DANA HUGHES '16.

How He Won

THE rain drizzled down on a dejected little Freshman as he stood in the doorway on a November night. The wind blowing around the corner lifted his hat and started it rolling down the street. Of course, he started after it and vented his wrath as he ran. He suddenly collided with one of the many pedestrians of Bluefield's main street, who taunted "Oh, you little green Freshie, you're practicing for that hundred-yard dash tomorrow, are you?"

"Aw, shut up!" was the answer he flung back.

"All right, I'll have to give in and obey my elders, I suppose," was the resigned expression of the pedestrian.

"Just you wait, you smarty, and I'll go through you and fifty men like you for dear Blue, if I ever get on the team."

"All right, dearest," and Harters, captain of the Athletic Club foot ball team, Bluefield's foremost opponent, walked on, thinking of the foolhardiness of youth.

Roy, the B. H. S. Freshman, picked up his hat and turned toward his home. On his way he met Joyce Gladsby, daughter of the school superintendent, of whom he was very fond. During their conversation she remarked that anybody could do anything if they said they could, and that he should remember the motto "Live or Die." He answered "I will," and it thrilled him with a new determination.

He arrived home and when told that supper was not ready sat down and studied the books that at noon he had told his mother he was sick and tired of. He ate supper and went to bed with a light heart, slept like a Freshman only can and arose on a crisp, frosty Thanksgiving morning. His determination "I will" still grasped him and he went out to football practice as second sub for right end. He played with such vigor and strength that the coach was compelled to tell him that he would put him in as first sub, as he outran any man on the team.

When he got home and sat down to the sumptuous turkey dinner, he remembered the words of the coach, "Now fellows, dont eat anymore than you absolutely have to, until the game is over." He ate very little, then excused himself, went upstairs and got his clothes and prepared to leave. His mother asked if he were sick and he told her of his duty while in training. He had just opened the door when the telephone rang and he answered it. "Is this Roy talking?" came the question. "Yes, sir," he answered, as he recognized the coach's voice. "Roy, Perkins sprained his ankle this morning and you will have a chance at his position this afternoon. Come over at once." "All right, coach," and Roy could hardly find the hook for the receiver. He danced up and down all around the rooms and shouted so loud he made everybody hold their hands to their ears.

"What under the shining canopy has gone wrong with the boy?" said his father.

"Come over at once! Just think! Right end!"

"What *is* wrong?" exclaimed his mother.

"Everything's right. I'm to play end in the game this afternoon, against the Athletic Club. Whoopee!"

He rushed out of the door, tore down the street and made for the field at top speed. He reached the field as the coach and several veterans, clad in foot ball suits, came up.

"Remember now, Roy, don't overdo yourself running around, but save your pep for this afternoon, for you will need it then."

This cut him rather deeply, but without changing countenance he lined up with the rest of the team and went through a short signal practice. After the signal practice he walked over to where Joyce Gladsby was standing and said "I will" with emphasis. She smiled at him sweetly and told him to look at the crowd that had assembled. Banners waved—the blue and white of the Bluefield High School and the red and black of the Athletic Club. The great flag pole was decorated with an immense blue and white banner and bunting ran from its apex to its base. Cheering sections were yelling all around the field. The band had just struck up a wild march and it's stirring music mingled with the raw voices of the pop-corn and peanut venders. The younger people were yelling as though they had gone mad, and old Alumni were becoming younger every minute.

Before he knew it Roy was down on the field and playing but in the second scrimmage a big A. C. man knocked him down and he became so weak in the knees that he had to be led to the sidelines. Everyone shouted, "Too much freshness for a Freshie!" "Why is a Freshie an Irishman?" "Get that green sweater on," and he was compelled by the students to don a horrible green sweater.

At the end of the third quarter the coach came over to where Roy stood. "Do you think you can go in and do something now?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I can," Roy answered.

"What was the trouble at first?"

"I don't know, but I suspect it was stage fright," he said and he ran out and took his place at end.

The quarter-back stooped quickly behind the center and called "signals 99-45-63-10." The ball was snapped quickly to the full-back who ran across the field for about thirty yards and then forward passed it across the line to Roy, who, having no one around to hinder him, deftly caught it and ran like a hare for the goal posts. The immense crowd went crazy as he flew between the goal posts with the ball. The girls thought "Oh, what a nice boy!" and the fellows thought "Gee, I wisht I wuz him."

The crowd surged around him and he was lifted high on the shoulders of four members of the team and carried all around the field. The band played, horns blared, voices shouted, but all he thought of was that he had won his "B" and that Joyce would smile sweetly forever more.

ROBERT REMY '17.

The Delaware Trip

THE year '14 should always be remembered as the year of the event which showed the revival of the old athletic spirit, for which M. H. S. was in former years so well known and justly feared.

As a "chaser" for a very successful season, the basket ball team took part in the Ohio Wesleyan University Basket Ball Tournament, taking first place in the Northern Division and thereby gaining the title of "Champions of Northern Ohio."

When it became known that we would play Marietta High School for the Championship of Ohio the athletic spirit and feeling rose to fever heat and everyone vowed that he or she would attend the championship game and root "like sixty."

On Saturday, March 14th, the day of the memorable game for the state championship, about two hundred and fifty students went to Delaware to "root" for the team. Our three special cars, chartered from the Southwestern Company, were decorated with banners and every loyal student who went along wore our famous red and white colors in the most conspicuous spot possible, usually on his hat or coat sleeve. Everyone knew M. H. S. parodies for all the popular songs and the whole trip down to Delaware was one long series of songs and yells. One well known alumnus (of automobile fame) had a Klaxon horn and a collection was taken up and enough batteries were bought at Bucyrus to "make 'er talk." As we passed through the "burgs" lying between Mansfield and Delaware, we startled the inhabitants from their soporific existence and made them take notice. Our approach could be detected long before we came in sight and large crowds gazed at us in wonder in every town.

At last we arrived in Delaware and dinner became the chief aim and diversion in life. We rushed the restaurants and most of us grabbed a sandwich when no one was looking. After dinner we went up to Edward's gymnasium, where the game was to be played. We took possession of one whole end of the basket ball floor and when Delaware High School played Aquinas of Columbus we rooted for Delaware. Then, after an "awful" wait, our team, "Wally," "Fat," "Bill," "Red" and "Pete," came on the floor. All the yelling that had been done before now paled into insignificance. To say that pandemonium reigned is to damn our demonstration with faint praise. "Red," our famous cheer leader, not only directed us from an upright position, but stood on his head on occasions in order to be able to direct us with his feet as well. His variations of the latest dances were received with immense approval. Our rooting completely drowned out the efforts of the Marietta adherents, and when we saw our team, fighting for every point, go down in defeat, beaten by superior age, strength and experience, we rose up in all our might and out-yelled and out-rooted the Marietta aggregation, who were backing a winning team.

A defeat received in such a spirit can not properly be called a defeat. Of course, we have our own private opinion of a high school that has twenty-year-old students in their Sophomore and Junior classes and allows them to play on a high school basket ball team.

Immediately after the game Mr. Dixon, the famous director of athletics at Ohio Wesleyan University, presented the cups to the captains of the two teams. Although Mansfield received only the second cup, it signifies as much as the first cup did several years ago, as Mansfield played and whipped more hard teams than teams of former years ever did.

After the game the "Mansfield Aggregation" scattered over the city in search of various amusements and sundry refreshments. Eminent authorities of M. H. S. say that Delaware contains a greater percentage of "Swell Janes" per capita than any Ohio town known. Of course every one is entitled to his own opinion.

In the evening the bunch went to the Delaware-Oberlin track meet, and everyone seems to have become inoculated with the fever, for since the return home great interest has been shown in our having a track team.

Leaving Delaware at the early (?) hour of ten thirty, we started for home and mother. The loss of the game was taken in the best of spirits and showed that M. H. S. knows how to be a good loser. The crowd was not in the least depressed and the journey home was as hilarious as the trip to Delaware. Going home everyone was drinking—calm yourself Rosalind, it was only pop! All the windows were decorated with pop bottles hanging by red and white ribbons. The cars arrived home about two o'clock Sunday morning and everyone went home and slept until Sunday noon.

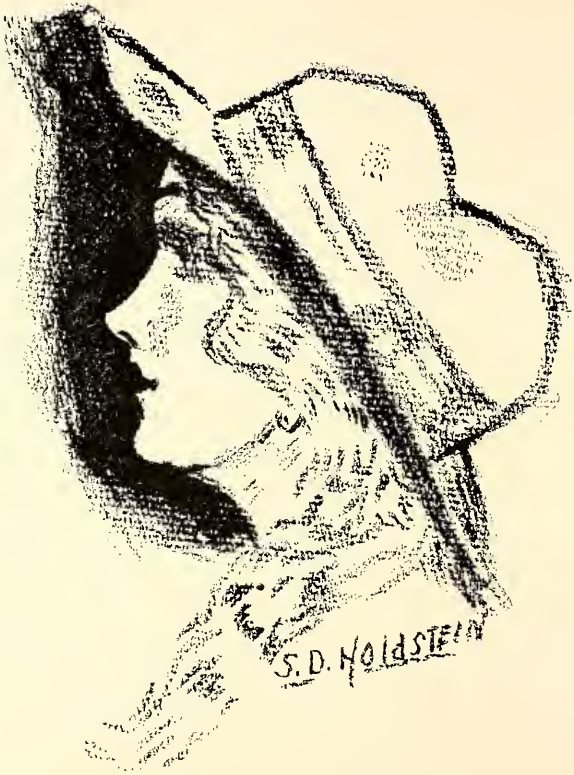
Oh yes! One of the sad features of the day was the fact that the theft of a valuable pork-chop was reported to the police by a prominent Senior. The thief worked very mysteriously, but on account of his appetite, an M. H. S. Senior is suspected of having committed the dastardly outrage. He is very easily described, as he is a strawberry blonde with a deceptive smile and large feet. Let us hope he was brought to justice.

Ruth Adams
Hazel Algire
Grace Arting
Esther Ashbrook
Naomi Ashbrook
Esther Baker
Earl Bates
Rhea Beattie
Emma Beck
Royal Bein
Hilda Bidinger
Helen Brown
Gilman Burghart
Eleanor Cappeller
Thomas Casey
Pearl Danback
Ben Davison
Pauline Davis
Cornelius Durbin
Miriam Ecker
Winifred Enos
Walter Epley
Frances Etz
Harry Eyerly
Florence Felger
Marie Fernyak
Harold Ferree
Max Finley
Kathryn Ford
Martha France
Jerome Freundlich
Grace Fribley
Florence Gertig

Juniors

MARVIN HELTER . . . President
WILBUR HENRY . . . Vice President
DAVID TODD . . . . Secretary
FRANCIS ETZ . . . Asst. Secretary
ROYAL MARTIN . . . . Treasurer
CHESTER MCBRIDE . . Sergeant-at-arms

Rachel Giffin
Sherman Glessner
Harold Goetz
Anna Grabler
Perry Hagerman
Marie Hagerty
Pearl Hall
Fred Harbaugh
Marguerite Hardman
Lon Heffelmire
Marvin Helter
Theresa Henne
Wilbur Henry
Esther Herr
La Doris Hubbs
Dana Hughes
Roscoe Imhoff
Howard Jelliff
Rae Jolley
Pauline Kahl
Russell Karns
Helen Keffer
Marietta Kegg
Helen Kramer
Howard Latimer
Earl LeBarre
Gladys Leinard
Edith Lime
Elmore Lindsey
Marie Longsdorf
Buena Madden
Margaret Mansfield
Marie Marlow
Ruth Marlow
Royal Martin
Florence Massa
Ethel Miles
Marjorie Montieth
Chester McBride
Alice McCally
Paul McConnell
Dorothy McCullough
Robert McKee
Lambert McQueston
Walter Nagel
Eva Nixon
Frances Packham
Mabel Page
Harold Painter
Robert Palmer
Marjorie Palmer
Andrew Paule
Beatrice Pierce
Helen Pollock
Ruth Remy
Harry Schell
Eva Schmunk
Carl Schafer
Helen Sonner
Faye Sotherland
Agatha Steele
Eleanor Stone
Helen Sunkel
Harry Sunkel
Sylvia Swendel
David Todd
Mary Thomson
John Tressel
Marie Tucker
Olive Vail
Ralph Vosberg
Martin Wappner
Dorothy Wilkinson
Mildred Wolf
George Zimmerman
Edward Hale
Albert Schwein
Earl Hoffman
Leota Wiles
Gertrude Wycoff


S. D. HOLDSTEIN

Sophomores

KARL SCHWIER	President
ELLA FERNYAK	Vice President
HELEN SMITH	Secretary
STANLEY KILEY	Treasurer
ROBERT SHILL	Sergeant-at-arms

Ethel André
Dale Arnold
Albert Arnold
Florence Au
Fred Baer
Harold Balyeat
Margaret Berry
Mary Baxter
Lydon Beam
William Bell
Glenn Berry
May Bishop
Mary Bloor
Goldie Boals
Garland Boals
Harriet Bookwalter
Marian Bonnett
Ethel Brewer
David Bricker
Tom Bristor
Emily Brown
Mabel Brown
Robert Brumfield
David Buell
Lee Burneson
Hobart Cashell
Lucile Cole
Miriam Conrad
Clarabel Cooke
Thomas Crabbs
Clair Crum

John Culleton
Jenner Dann
Phillip Davie
Eva DeWitt
Lucille Dir
Carl Doerman
Marion Downs
Adeline Ernst
Ella Fernyak
Chester Finley
George Finney
Gladys Fox
Leland Freeze
Lyndon Frizzell
Freda Frisch
Ruth Frye
Florence Garber
Hettie Giesman
Helen Giffin
Connie Gilkison
Russel Glessner
Margaret Grabler
Chester Griebling
Miriam Gugler

Kathryn Hafley
Mary Hammet
Margaret Harbaugh
Barbara Hautz
Arba Hawk
Christine Heilman
George Heitz
Carl Herring
Fred Heuse
Lottie Hoffman
Paul Hoover
Harold Hoover
Howard Hosler
Tom Hughes
Harold Hursh
Evelyn Jesson
Naoma Johnson
Harold Keiser
Carrol Kenton
Helen Kern
Rebecca Kiner
Earl Kocheiser
Lola Leaman
Roy W. Leppo

Ruth Logan
Gladys Mahlie
Phyllis Marks
Helen Maurer
Homer Miller
Paul Miller
Ada Miller
Robert Moyer
Arthur McBride
Marjorie McClure
Hugh McFadden
Carolyn McFarland
Freda McVicar
Roger Oster
Harold Palmer
Martha Pickering
Freda Pond
Laurence Price
Esther Reese
Grace Reinhart
Earl Remy
Opal Robinson
Bertha Rusk
Dorothea Shaler
Robert Schell
Monica Schnitzer
John Schrier
Robert Schroer
Carl Schwier
Eva Scott
Grace Scott

Silva Selby
Charles Schafer
Helen Smith
Adelaide Snapp
Helen Sonner
Helen Sotherland

Leola Sowash
Harold Sowash
Orville Statler
Florence Stecker
Winifred Stone
Garneta Strong

Earl Troll
Bryan Terman
Ben Them
Wilbur Ungeschick
Erma Van Antwerp
Martha Wappner

Robert Weil
Royal Wentz
Olive Whiting
Ella Wilbur
Keith Willis
Marjorie Young

Marie Kalbfleisch

Sophomore Poem

Yes, we're Sophies I guess, at last,
And we're glad our Freshman year is past.
We are dignified now you see,
If you don't believe us, look!—our pedigree.

Sophomores? Yes, I guess we are,
The smartest of any set so far.
Some day our upper-classmen will be making hay,
While we are commanding salaries that pay.

We think ourselves quite up to snuff
On sciences and all such stuff,
At the sight of which the Seniors look dismayed
And put off till future days.

Our Latin teachers say we're perfect stars
And could, if we had to, read Virgil by the yards.
And so, upper-classmen, can't you see
What we will come to in days to be?

But when that is all said and done
We must remember that we still are one,
And never grow too serene, to remember
That we belonged to the class of nineteen-sixteen.

HIS AIM IS HIGH
NOW FOR A
GOOD SHOT

Freshmen

Pearl Adams
Mary Amsbaugh
Ted Arnold
Robert Atton
Sterling Ayers
Clements Ballantine
Ethel Banks
Syberts Barger
Tillie Barth
Le Gail Bauman
Rose Beam
Harlan Beard
Florence Bein
Irma Bell
Joe Berno
Ruth Beavers
Glen Byerly
Iva Bistline
Robert Black
Marion Bossler
Rachel Brindle
Mary Brinkerhoff
Russel Brooks
Frances Brooks
Carl Brumenschenkel
Ferry Brumenschenkel
Catherine Brumenschenkel
Charles Brumfield
Berna Cairns
Carris Campbell
DeLee Campbell

Rhoda Canaday
Merciel Campbell
Leona Carpenter
Helen Casey
Edith Clark
Eugene Clarke
Herbert Coleman
Geneva Craig
Roy Craig
James Craig
Carl Cromer
Golda Cromer
Mildred Dale
Clarence Darling
Margaret Dean
LaMont Deibler
DeLee Derror
Virgil Dent
Hazel Dernberger
Paul DeWitt
Louise Dickey
Mildred Dir
Lugarda Doolittle
Frances Dorian
Corinne Douglas
Vinton Eberle
Corwin Endly
Bernice Epley
Albert Erdenberger
Euretta Erdenberger
John Feeney

Wm. Fenn
Clara Fernyak
Ethel Feeny
Lydon Flint
Catherine Flockenzier
Bernice Frank
Frederick Frey
Margaret Frye
Mae Fry
Rhea Frye
Frederick Funston
Walter Gardner
Clarence Gerhart
Elverda Guenther
Leona Halderman
Eunice Hall
Robert Hancock
Ralph Harbaugh
Duey Harbaugh
Carl Hartenfels
Catherine Hardman
Dow Heath
Artis Heichel
Hugh Hout
Raymond Imhoff
Addie Imhoff
Adaline Ingmand
Samuel Isley
Allen Jackson
Lois Jesson
Helen Kallmerten

Mary Kegg
Stanley Kiley
Thomas Kiley
Homer King
Ruth Kissane
Ada Kline
Tesla Klotz
Clifford Knarr
Grace Kocheiser
Louise Kromer
Miriam Krohn
Gladys Lash
Doris Lawrence
Thresa Leassure
Roy Lindsley
Delta Logan
Ruth Long
Helen Longsdorf
Mildred Loomis
Kenneth Manner
Helen Marmet
Stella Massa
Earl Massa
Frank Massa
Lawrence Mattox
Marguerite Mathes
Marion Matz
Paul Maxwell
Marguerite Merkel
Miriam Miller
Elsie Miller

Helen Miller
Helen Miller
Charles Mink
Henry Moore
Josephine Mull
Harry Muth
Josephine Meyer
Malvina McClelland
Lillian McCreary
Ralph McCullough
Martha McFarland
LeRoy McGinty
Andrus McLean
Ethel Meeken
Bernice Newlon
Mary Nichols
Ruth Oberlin
Tom O'Donnell
Fred Ohler
Eugene Ozier
Doyle Parsons
Kenneth Pickering

Efflo Plazer
Harry Pollock
Gladys Pore
Paul Post
Charles Poulalon
Margaret Proctor
Ruth Pulver
Harry Purney
Bertha Ray
Robert Remy
Dewey Renolds
Joe Reynolds
Leona Rhodes
Hortense Rigby
Ted Roberts
Charles Ross
Muriel Ross
Paul Rowland
Fred Rowland
Walter Rudolph
Arquette Rust
Wm. Ryan

Edna Sanford
Paul Shettler
Lena Shroeder
Harold Scott
Karl Shafer
Henrietta Shafer
Lucille Shambaugh
Urias Schill
Helen Shivley
Vera Smythe
Dorothy Staniger
Ray Stewart
Willie Stomps
Paul Stoodt
Mable Strome
Evelyn Styert
Frances Sotherland
Harold Taylor
Honor Terman
Paul Thomas
Margaret Thull
Lela Tinkey

Verona Tucker
Hudson Uhlich
Karl Uhlich
Robert Upson
Helen Van Antwerp
Leafy Van Scoader
Lillian Vinson
Christine Voll
Marie Walker
Marion Warner
Morris Wiles
Wm. Winert
Margaret White
James Willis
Marjorie Willis
Isabella Wilkinson
Oscar Winbigler
Cleo Wolford
Edgar Wycoff
Alva Zeinke
Girard Kalbfleisch

In Memoriam

RALPH ENOS

1899 - 1913

With saddened hearts we are called upon to chronicle the death of our friend and comrade, Ralph Enos. His sudden "taking off" was indeed a shock, not only to his family, but to his schoolmates and the entire community as well. He had entered the High School but a few months before and by his quiet, unassuming demeanor had made a distinct place for himself. His prospects were bright and he gave promise of being a joy to his parents and a credit to himself and the school.

To the bereaved family, we, his associates, offer our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of trial.

—His Friends and Classmates

RAYMOND CARRIGAN

1898 - 1914

It was with deepest sorrow and a feeling of irreparable loss that we learned of the death of our late friend and comrade, Raymond Carrigan. Although this was his first year in school, his sunny smile, his ready wit, and above all, his courteous, manly ways have endeared him to all. A trusted friend, a true comrade, his life though brief, has not been lived in vain; and the memory of his true and honorable character will be an inspiration to all who knew him.

To his family we extend our heartfelt sympathy and the consolation of a life so lived that his memory will remain dear to us always.

—His Friends and Classmates

ORGANIZATIONS
MHS

Our Coach

MR. Roscoe Roy Sidell came to us in 1912 as a teacher of Science. A keen, wide-awake teacher in the class-room, a friend and adviser out of it, he won the liking and support of the school from the start. In 1913, Mr Sidell was selected as Athletic Coach and a better choice could not have been made. He has an enviable record in other schools as a coach and has upheld that record here in a most satisfactory manner. A fair season in foot ball, considering obstacles; champions of Northern Ohio in basket ball, and the brightest of prospects for an excellent record on Field Day, speak more than words can for his ability. Mr. Sidell coaches not only to win but to win fairly, thereby applying the real principles underlying the game of life.

We appreciate his work here, both in the class-room and on the athletic field and, with sincere gratitude, extend to him our best wishes for "Success."

FOOTBALL

Foot Ball

CONSIDERED from the point of games won, ours was rather a disastrous foot ball season. Laboring under the difficulties of raw, inexperienced men and numerous injuries, Dame Fortune's sister was our lot. However, low aim, not failure, is a crime and we certainly aimed high enough. In giving to the players a higher conception of clean sport, a greater incentive to win either by fair means or not at all, and in winning for them and the school the respect and admiration of their opponents, our foot ball season was a decided "success." For these things we may look back with pride to our team of 1913.

The Wearers of the M

Pecht, Capt.	Schwier	Garber	Center
Hart	Hale	Hurxthal	Osbun
Tressel	Dean	Hagerman	Lindsey
Henry	Hosler	McKee	

As We Know Them

PERCY PECHT, Capt. "Percy"

Pecht was an able and efficient foot ball captain, besides being a speedy half-back.

HOWARD HART "Harty"

Hart was the fastest man on the team. His specialty was end runs and secondary defense.

JOHN TRESSEL "Red"

A foot ball man was he. Always in the thickest of the fray. Noted for his ability on a broken field.

WILBUR HENRY "Fat," "Pete," "Little One"

Our foot ball star. He was noted for his plunges and able defense.

KARL SCHWIER "Karly"

Schwier played quarter on the foot ball team and, in steady work and hard playing, could not be beaten.

ROBERT HALE "Red"

Hale played center and showed his ability to fill that position satisfactorily.

VAUGHN DEAN "Red"

Dean played half-back. He was always in the fight and could be depended upon in any crisis.

HOWARD HOSLER "Fat," "Ikey"

Hosler played end and played it with credit.

ELMORE LINDSEY "Corky"

Lindsey played end. He proved a valuable man and one upon whom we could always depend.

ZENT GARBER "Garby"

Garber played on the line and, although this was his first season; he proved himself an able man.

LOUIS HURXTHAL "Darling"

Hurxthal played guard and with his weight was able to hold anything that came along. He played a good strong game.

PERRY HAGERMAN "Pete"

Hagerman played half-back and did credit to himself and the team. He was noted for his end runs and tackling.

EARL MCKEE

McKee played on the line and behind it too—an able and efficient man.

DEAN LEUTHNER "Wally"

Leuthner played end and time after time he smashed interference that appeared impregnable. He deserves great credit.

NORMAN CENTER "Norm"

Center played on the line and fully earned his M. He showed great ability.

HUGH OSBUN "Bun"

Osbun played on the line and battled nobly.

PECHT, CAPT. '13

Schedule and Scores

Sept. 27	M. H. S. 0	Crestline 6
Oct. 4*	M. H. S. 45	Galion 0
Oct. 11	Marion Cancelled	
Oct. 18*	M. H. S. 0	Toledo 88
Oct. 25	M. H. S. 6	Delaware 33
Nov. 1	M. H. S. 46	Medina 0
Nov. 8*	M. H. S. 7	Shelby 25
Nov. 15*	M. H. S. 0	Mt. Vernon 22
Nov. 22*	M. H. S. 0	Fostoria 1
Nov. 27	M. H. S. 0	Alumni 12

* Abroad

Total points scored, 104. Opponents, 187.

HENRY, CAPT. '14

Basket Ball

THIS year's basket ball season has been one of success, victory and laurels. Success from high resolve, determination, integrity and clean playing. Victory, from point of games won, points scored and showing at Delaware. There we won the Championship of Northern Ohio, and carried off second honors in the State Championship game with Marietta, who were the Champions of Southern Ohio. We have defeated the strongest teams of Northern Ohio, have won every game on our home floor and, up to the Tournament, maintained a "point a minute" team. Laurels of enthusiasm, support, admiration and credit.

High School spirit has been on the decline here for several years, but the showing of our team this year would have awakened Methuselah from the dead—and we awoke. We are alive again and intend to stay so. Never in the history of our school has a team had better backing than ours has had this year, and we sincerely thank all those who have taken part in arousing this spirit.

BASKET-BALL.

Wearers of the M

DEAN LEUTHNER "Wally"

Leuthner was elected captain of the basket ball team this year and has filled that position with the greatest of ability. He played left forward, was a good shot and the best floor man this high school has ever seen. Leuthner has served us for the last time and it is with the keenest regret that we see him go.

HOWARD HOSLER "Fat"

Hosler played right forward on the team. He excells in shooting baskets, especially in long shots and there has seldom been a better shot in our high school. This, with his passing and dodging has made him a valuable man. He will be with us next year and we can only wish him as successful a season as he has had this one.

WILLIAM MARQUIS "Bill"

To Bill we doff our hats. Never in the history of this school have we had a better center and few that could even approach him. Tall, speedy, an accurate shot, a cool man in passing, Bill is there. Add, too, the fact that he is left handed and you have the ideal center. Since he is a Senior he has played his last high school game and we wish him the best of life.

JOHN TRESSEL "Red"

Tressel played right guard on the team and certainly played it in every sense of the word. He not only put up an effective, defensive game but also a decisive, offensive one. It was seldom a game went by that Red did not contribute his three or four baskets. Few, indeed, were the men that could score effectively on him. He will be with us next year and will prove a valuable man.

WILBUR HENRY "Pete"

Last but not least, either in quantity or quality, comes Henry. Truly he has proved a marvel. This was his first year at basket ball but he played like a veteran and has proved himself worthy of all the credit that can be given him. "Pete" was a tower of strength on the defense and broke up play after play. With his 190 lbs. he handled his opponents like so many babes. We expect him to represent us next year and may heaven protect his opponents.

E. J. RUTT

Mr. Rutt came to us this year as teacher of Mathematics. He was formerly coach and Athletic Manager at Bellefontaine. In view of his former experience we chose him as our Faculty Manager of Athletics, and that we made no mistake in our choice is plainly shown by the fact that all debts have been paid, and there is still money in the treasury. Mr. Rutt has certainly been a great help to us in securing a good schedule, and in arousing a new High School Spirit, which we hope will never die down. We extend to him our sincere thanks.

VAUGHN DEAN

Mr. Dean was elected student manager of our basket ball team and fulfilled his duties with care and diligence. The carefully planned schedule was largely due to his efforts, and that it was a success the season's record plainly shows. Vaughn was not only a good manager but an excellent player. He showed up fine the first of the year and promised to continue with the game that made him such a valuable man last year. Unfortunately he became ill and was confined at home for about a month, and then was not allowed to play because of his physician's orders. We heartily thank him for his services and wish him well.

The Second Team

M. H. S. Rah-Rah,
M. H. S. Rah-Rah,
Boom-Chica-Boom,
Boom-Chica-Boom,
Boom-Chica-Ricka-Chica,
Sis-Boom-Bah,
Mansfield High School,
Rah-Rah-Rah.

Much of our success in basket ball is due to the second team. They not only gave the first team hard practice throughout the year' thus making it possible to develop the style of play that made them Champions of Northern Ohio, but materially helped them in winning games, especially at the tournament. They played three games, winning two of them. We appreciate their help and are truly grateful.

LEUTHNER
CAPT. 13-14

Schedule and Scores

M. H. S.	32	Ashland	20
M. H. S.	29	Alumni	26
M. H. S.	60	Norwalk	10
M. H. S.	46	Tiffin	6
M. H. S.	74	Shelby	4
M. H. S.	43§	New Philadelphia	22
M. H. S.	31	Canton	24
M. H. S.	19§	Alliance	26
M. H. S.	43	Bucyrus	23
M. H. S.	20§	Wooster	31
M. H. S.	35	New Philadelphia	16
M. H. S.	41	Alliance	22
M. H. S.	20	Wooster	19
M. H. S.	84	Coshocton	10
M. H. S.	17†	Bucyrus	13
M. H. S.	26†	Mt. Vernon	13
M. H. S.	27†	Crestline	10
M. H. S.	27†	Lisbon	22
M. H. S.	31†	Lorain	12
M. H. S.	17†	Marietta	34

Total Points 722—363

§ Abroad

† At Delaware

TRESSEL
CAPT. 14-15

Field Day

AT last! A rejuvenation of the good old days! Again for the thrill and excitement when the last stretch of that race has been reached, or when the score is tied and but one more event remains.

With interest sky high among the students, great enthusiasm manifest on all sides, good material and efficient coaching, our field day should be one of the best this high school has ever had. Plans are now being perfected with this end in view, and they include all the usual contests of such a meet: as 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, 440 yard dash, half mile run, mile run, hurdling, pole vaulting, shot putting, hammer throwing, relay runs, broad and high jumps, discus throwing and probably bicycle races.

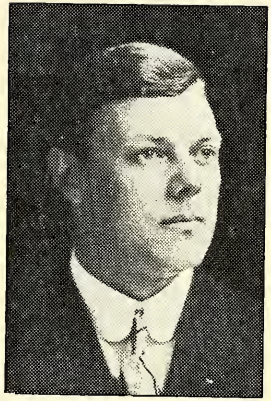
The plans are to have inter-class competition as a preliminary to the inter-scholastic contests. With any number of towns willing to compete and being easy of access, we should have little difficulty in promoting this noteworthy event.

As is fitting and proper, Mansfield High takes the lead in reinstating a field day, on which representatives of the different schools may come together and compete. So it is with great satisfaction that we look forward to this joyful day, not only from an athletic standpoint, but from a higher view, for it is only through rivalry and competition that the highest measure of success is attained.

Back in the years that are long gone past
They had no track team—they did not dast;
Their spirit was dead and their flesh was weak,
And of a track team they dared not speak.

But that time is past, and we have anew
A fine fighting spirit, the whole school through.
And we'll jump and run and twirl and throw,
And the new Mansfield spirit sure will show.

MUSIC



WE not only have a champion basket ball team this year, but we verily believe that we have the champion musicians of the state. Music has always been one of the important activities of the school, and during the past two years it has been brought to even a higher standard than ever before. This is due without doubt to the untiring energy and and able direction of Prof. A. C. Frost. Mr. Frost is not only very popular with those interested in music, but with the student body as well. Because of his marked ability Mr. Frost has become very well known in musical circles in this city as well as in Berea and Cleveland. It is impossible for us to give enough credit to Mr. Frost. We hereby, in behalf of the students, extend to Mr. Frost our sincere thanks and appreciation for his services.

The orchestra this year more than measures up to the standard of previous years. It has very capably furnished the music for the rhetoricals and for the Junior-Senior Reception and will help materially in the production of our May Festival.

Again we have a quartet of remarkable ability. In spite of the lateness of their appearance they immediately became very popular and have frequently been engaged for entertainments not connected with the High School.

Miss Dorothy Wilkinson has very ably filled the position of high school pianist for the past year. She has devoted much of her time both in and out of school to music. Her work has been very much appreciated and we hope that she will be with us in this position next year.

GLEE CLUB

DRAMATICS
L. Brumfield.

JUNIOR PLAY CAST

Dramatics

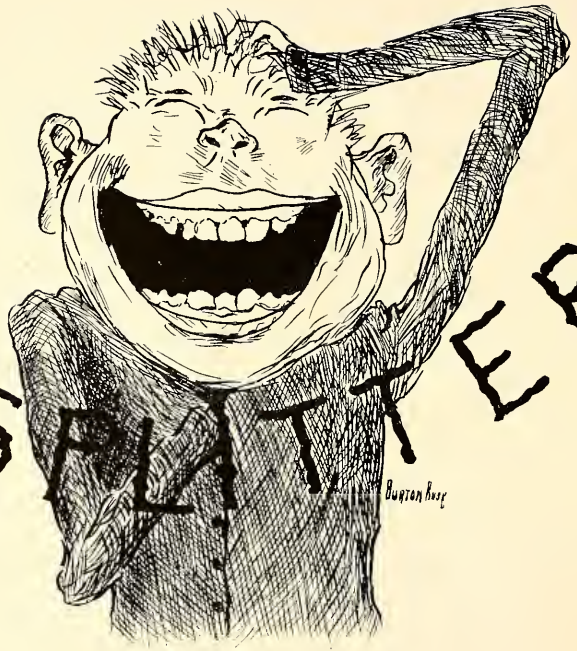
IN addition to the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Lincoln Day programs, Miss Hemington put on a clever little playlet, "Mr. Bob," at the Junior-Senior reception. The play was a decided success, and surpassed all previous efforts along this line.

This year the Seniors will produce a modern drama rather than a Shakespearian play as in former years.

The Cast of the Junior Play is as Follows:

Philip Royson	Perry Hagerman
Robert Brown, clerk for Benson & Benson, lawyers	Roscoe Imhoff
Jenkins, Miss Luke's butler	Cornelius Durbin
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady	Katherine Ford
Katherine Rogers, Miss Luke's niece	Pauline Davis
Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend	Rachel Giffin
Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid	Agatha Steele

SIDE SPLITTERS



Earl Remy, (In Kaler's after Canton game): "Say, Helen, will you have a nut sundae?"

Helen Sotherland: "I am sorry, Earl, I have an engagement, Sunday."

Those giving dances should choose fair days by consulting the almanac for the benefit of the cheap skates at M. H. S.

Marion D, translating German: "He looked over the top of the trees at his feet on the other shore."

A pigskin tight,
A long end run,
Tackled low,
And kingdom come.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If Latin don't kill us,
Physics must.

He laughs best who laughs when the teacher laughs.

R. Hale, translating German: "She was as beautiful and lovely as a horse."

Ben Them thinks it would be appropriate for him to marry Lucy D., as she would be Bennie-fitted.

Why are fixed stars like R. Palmer?
Because they scintillate (sin-til-late).

Miss Herschler: "I always thought that the cow was the only end chewing animal, but I see we have some in this room."

How often, Oh, how often,
In the evenings gone by,
Have I stood at her gate at midnight,
And gazed at her sea green eye.
Hobert H.

Teacher: "Explain the difference between a vision and a sight."

Freshman: "You can flatter a girl by calling her a vision but don't call her a sight."

Ed Hale, (thinking of examinations while at a dance): "May I have the next question with you?"

There was a funny boy and he did a funny thing,
He gave a funny girl a very funny ring;
They found a funny preacher, they had a funny chat,
Then the first two fought together in a fussy funny flat.

Miss Ruess: "I am tempted to give this class an examination."

John Tressel: "Yield not to temptation."

A Junior whose last name was Steel,
Bought soap which she used with zeal;
Though she scrubbed without doubt,
The soap never wore out.
She remarked: "I believe it's Castile," (cast steel).

Mr. Turner: (in Trig.): "Jay, what is a Tangent?"
Jay Mc.: "A line sitting on a circle."
Jay is excused from class.

Miss Black, (in Ancient History): "Why didn't the Persian Empire keep on going?"
Mary Bloor: "Because it fell."

K. Bricker, (translating in Virgil), "Anchises stretched his eyes to the sky."

A FISH STORY.

Fish	Bait	Bite	Roam	Buy
Wish	Wait	Flight	Home	Lie

ADVICE TO PERCY PECHT.

Waiting vs. Doing.

All things come to one who waits,
But there's a rule that's slicker.
The man who goes for what he wants,
Will get it that much quicker.

Miss Black: "Ruth, what is Phidias noted for?"
Ruth Kissane: "Phidias was the architecture of the Parthenon."

Dick Maxwell was sick for half a day and only got one rabbit.

Three great lights—The sun, the moon and himself.
Ned Willis.

New rule discovered by M. H. S. student.
If you have any difficulty in spelling words with 'ei, and 'ie' in them, apply this rule:—
Write your 'i' and your 'e' exactly alike, and put the dot just between them.

S. Holdstein: "Boys, a good way to find a girl out is to call on her when she isn't in."

Mr. Davis: "You say you are engaged in some original research. Upon what subject?"
Bob Shell: "I'm trying to discover why the dark blue fluid won't issue forth from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright perpendicular position in the inner corner of the left hand pocket of my new waistcoat."

To let: Two spacious rooms in my upper story.
H. Hosler.

I love a giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow.
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go.
—Hazel King.

Little bits of Latin,
Little bits of Dutch,
Makes a fellow study
A little bit too much.

St. Peter: "Where from?"
Student: "M. H. S."
St. Peter: "Did you write a story for the Annual?"
Student: "N-no sir."
St. Peter: "Take him below and give him a pen in each hand, and make him write stories for the next 3,000 years."

"Could any one, love, between us come?"
He asked in accents tender.
"Were they to do so now, my love,
They'd have to be mighty slender."
Harry Sunkel & Kat. Ford.

A favorite song: Absence makes the heart grow fonder —of some other fellow.

A girl, a quarrel, a room, some gas;
A hearse, a funeral, a hole, some grass.

The mule, he has a lovely smile,
And so has man.
The mule is sometimes kind and good,
And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food,
And so does man.
He balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness,
And so does man.

George D., (to poultry dealer): "Didn't you tell me that you got ten or twelve eggs a day from those hens?"
Poultry dealer: "That's what I told you."
G. D.: "Well, I've had them a long time and I never get more than four eggs a day."
P. D.: "You look too often. If you only look every three days you will probably get ten or twelve eggs a day, as I did."

Lucy D.: (in Physics): "I'd like to know the difference between a doctored experiment and mine."

Young Kiley went to a jitney show,
With Pokey, to have a good time.
There he was forced to ask with a glow,
"Pokey, won't you lend me a dime?"

Isn't Fat Henry's basket-ball suit becoming?

Harry Denzer: "How much did it cost to have your shoes shined?"

Louis Hurxthal: "Ten cents."

Harry Denzer: "Gee! They'd paint a barn for a quarter, wouldn't they?"

Orville Statler, (In General History): "Their line of march was blackened by the white and dying bodies of the crusaders."

O. Winbigler: "Mr. Serby has just had an accident."

Mr. Davis. "What! Mr. Serby hurt?"

O. Winbigler: "Not very badly. He fell into the furnace and was overcome with the heat."

Little foolish questions,
Many a waving hand;
Keep the teachers thinking
That we work to beat the band.

—By Emily Brown.

If B. B. Shotte shot B. B. shot at B, would B. be shot by B. B. shot, that B. B. Shotte shot?

Flunko: "Say, what'll I write a theme on today?"

Passo: "Aw, write on paper."

Flunko:" I mean, what'll I write about?"

Passo: "Write about two pages and let it go at that."

Deck Carrol, (throwing himself into a chair at the barber shop): "I would like to have my hair cut, please."

Barber: "Any special way?"

Deck: "Yes, off."

Claude, moved by an impulse he could not resist, suddenly kissed Marguerite.

Marguerite: "Oh, Claude, That is not right."

Claude: "I'm sorry, I did the best I knew how. Won't you show me the proper way?"

The Swiss must be queer people as they feed their sheep on mountains.

Sherman's arm is thirty inches long, Marguerite's waist is thirty inches around. Oh, Nature! How wonderful are thy works!

H. Bloor had a problem concerning the resistance of wind, in physics.

Mr. Sidell: "Well, can you get it?"

H. Bloor: "I can't figure in the wind."

Mr. Sidell: "Jay, close the window, please."

George, (the janitor): "My wife has gone to the West Indies."

Miss Herschler: "Jamaica?"

George: "No, she wanted to go."

While teaching history, Prof. Davis asked George D. to go over to his office and turn on the gas in the grate. At the end of the period as they were going out of the door, the professor asked George, "Well, did you get it turned on all right?"

George answered: "Sure, full force, can't you smell it?"

While on a moonlight stroll.
Martha: "I wonder where those clouds are going?"
Lewis B.: "Oh! I think they are going to thunder."

There was a young lady from Streeter,
Who was thin as a half-starved miskeeter.
She fell in a fright, through the gas pipe one night,
And we went to the meter to meet her.

'Twas the first time they had met,
She sat upon his knee,
But do not be surprised-for
He was 90-she was 3.

Miss Black, in ancient History class: "That reminds me of the blind men that saw an elephant."

"To judge from appearances, to kiss her would be like eating a marshmallow."

Wise Guy: "Huh! Worse than that! It would be like putting your head in a flour barrel."

Senior sentiments in Physics class.

Oh, wheels of time, turn on,
You turn so very slow—
We wish the time would come
For us to rise and go.

Wanted: By Fat Bushnell a clean collar and a hair cut.

Wanted: To know why so many of our girls have to wear court-plaster on their faces.

Please print directions for shampooing a cocoanut.
—Jerome F.

Meg and Sherm were sitting by themselves when Louie came along and said: "You two seem very happy over here away from the rest of the crowd."

"We are," replied Meg, "won't you join us?"

"Sorry I can't," said Louie, "I'm not a minister, but I'll call one if you wish."

Mr. Rutt: "When are two circles tangent?"

Robert Cashal: "When they meet at the point of contact."

C. Reynolds: "Cold, dear?"
L. Oberlin: "About to freeze."
C. R.: "Wany my coat?"
L. O.: "Just the sleeves."

Did the H. S. quartette sing at the jail, last night?

No, the prisoners objected to it on the grounds that it wasn't in their sentence.

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with a Senior stand.
A fountain pen behind my ear
A note book in my hand.
Oh, then how much pleasure
I'm sure that it would bring
To be a mighty Senior
And never do a thing.

Paul McConnel, (to Grace Arting at a party one evening): "May I sit on your right hand?"

Grace: "No, I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

Her hair was nice and curly,
Her eyes were big and blue,
And she was one cute girlie,
Her name was Hazel too.

The sky was blue,
The grass was green,
When Silas flew in his flying machine.
By Elmore Lindsey.

Caesar is dead and buried,
And so is Cicero;
And where these two old gents have gone
I wish their works would go.

M. Spencer, (translating Virgil): "I spoke or was I silent?"

Mr. Sidell: "George, what causes a fog?"

George Dodge: "I don't know, but it is a heavy mist."

Mr. S.: "Then you missed the real reason."

Viola S., (at football game after first quarter had been played): Say, kids, how many quarters are there in this game?"

Pupil: "What should I use in place of 'ibe' in that sentence?"

Miss Brightman: "Nothing."

I stood upon a hill, one day,
And lo! my eyes did meet
A great green spot right down below,
I thought it might be wheat.
It was so very, very green,
The greenest I have ever seen,
It slowly moved, it looked like grass,
But no! it was the Freshman class.

Miss Black, (after one pupil sneezed): "Now, scholars, put your playthings away."

C. McDonald, (in English): "He was a master of all trades but Jack of none."

Mr. Davis, (in History): "The most important of these two men are Columbus and Vasco de Gama."

Mr. D: "Sylvester, how many theories were there to get east by going west?"

Bob S.: "I think she would make a fine wife. I have been calling on her, and every time I find her darning her father's socks."

John T.: "That caught me too, until I found out it was always the same sock." (Not original.)

OH! OH! LA DONNA!

ODE TO LEOLA.

Oh, maid with thy brown hair,
Thy blue eyes and thy oval face,
You have caught me, rightly fair;
And that without a chase.

Thy smiles reflect the sunbeams,
Thy lips were made to kiss,
And to me, it always seems,
To embrace thee would be bliss.

You remind me of the spring,
That's the time of year for love.
Oh, lovely maiden, won't you bring
A little red-head, your love.

Robert Hale. '14.

"HALE, HALE, the gang's all here," CARROLLed the KING and the MARQUIS, as they rolled aLONG CROUSE street in their new FORD CARR. "AU, cheer UPSON," they told a SCHWEIN herd, whom they had hit. "The cop will GOETZ you," said a HOSLER. "HEYER! HEYER!" said DEWITT in the car. "We will RIDENOUR and go many MILES before we RUST." Just then a STONE took a PECHT at the CENTER of the tire, and the wheel received some NIXON it. Their HARTs stood still and they looked KIENLE at a WEAVER with a HOLDSTEIN full of lager in his hand. "Huh!" he sniffed, "Imitation MAXWELL." Where die ye get it?" "From WILBURHENRI, FRANCE. Farewell, dear friend." He anwered, "VAIL."

—Robert Hale. '14.

I should worry,
I should fret,
I should marry a suffragette.

—Dewy Reynolds.

Miss Mohler: "Jenner, you must move your seat. You have been talking too much."
Jenner Dann: "Call Cotters'."

One night Stanley came home at three;
His dad got cross and said, "WE'LL SEE."
So now Hazel sees him but once a year,
Then he goes home at nine, I hear.

The parlor sofa held the pair,
Bob & Helen.
But hark! a step upon the stair;
And papa finds them sitting there,
Bob & Helen.

The melancholy days have come;
The maddest of the year,
When men with hugely padded clothes,
Bite off each others' ear.

Mr. Frost, (to Dorothy Wilkinson, at Jun. & Sen. music): "Play the words to the second verse, Dorothy."

ENGLISH AS "SHE" IS "SPOKE."

Lots of slang's used just at present,
Keeps us busy to keep up,
For a failure is a "fizzle,"
And a luncheon is a "supp."

When you meet a girl out walking,
She's a "chicken," don't you know?
Introductions now are "knock-downs."
Out of cash is "short of dough."

Striking girls are "simply stunners,"
When you sleep it's "forty winks,"
And the latest saint to swear by
Is a great one. 'Tis "by jinks."

If you should take a motor trip,
You've had a little "spin."
This weather simply "gets your goat,"
And now you're just "all in."

When you part from an acquaintance,
You "just have to take a hike,"
Or else "beat it kid" or "cheese it,"
When you dance you like to "pike."

A tramp, ye know, is a "hobo."
Certain people "make things hum."
Nowadays they "pop the question,"
A fast horse is "going some."

Your best friend is your "pal,"
When you meet him on the "street,"
You "bawl him out" or "yell" at him,
And "take him off his feet."

One's husband now is "my old man,"
You fight; you've "had a scrap."
Instead of saying you reached out,
You say you've had "a grab."

Instead of coming home at night,
You just "blew in," you say.
If some one's up "they're on the job,"
And then they have their "say."

The knees are "prayer bones,"
New styles are "awf'lly good."
A secret's "something up your sleeve,"
You'd "kill it," if you could.

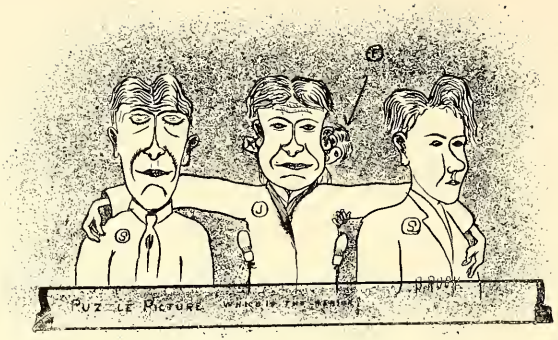
That hat is "simply killing," so
You've often heard expressed.
The spring hats are "good looking,"
You're a "peach" when at your best.

When you don't suit everybody,
You have "got your nerve," they growl,
And if you don't "roll in with them."
They'll soon "set up a howl."

But "we should worry," and "cut the slang,"
And it's "some tough luck," you "bet,"
To have to remember that grammar "dope"
That we're trying to forget.

—Helen Conard '14.

Wanted: Subscription to the Jerusalem Times.
Robert Weil, Editor.



Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.

Mr. Davis, (after hearing the Sr. quartette): "Thank you, boys, you have soothed me and done me much good; my mind is made up. I shall fire Mr. Frost tomorrow."

Miss Patterson: "You studied Gray's Elegy in——" (expecting them to say "Junior English.")

George Dodge: "In the church yard."

Little dabs of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Makes an ugly freckle
Look just like it ain't.

M. H. S. Football player to an old station master in a little town. "Well, uncle, when does the 3:42 train get in?"

'Uncle': "Well, she generally gets in just a leetle behind the engine, young man."

Mr. Sidell (in Chemistry): "Robert, when a given weight of water freezes, does it absorb or evolve heat?"

Robert Palmer—"Evolve heat."

Mr. Sidell: "How do you know?"

Robert P.: "Golly, I don't know."

Miss Abbot: "Girls, in my experience, I have found that I couldn't make a man do anything—"

Awards

Senior Prize Story	Walter Stone
Junior Prize Story	Paul McConnell
Sophomore Prize Story	Dana Hughes
Freshman Prize Story	Robert Remy
Prize Poem	Martha Chambers
First Prize Drawing	Meade Spencer
Second Prize Drawing	Burton Rusk
Third Prize Drawing	Louis Brumfield

THE STAFF

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Kaler's Kandy Kitchen

"Store of Quality"

Seen on Miss Wiltsie's board. (Expresses her idea exactly of the subject discussed).

"MAN."

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and chew, but don't go to church. Perhaps they would if they wore bonnets.

Men are more logical than women, perhaps more zoological. Both men and women are sprung from monkeys, bnt woman sprang the fartherst.

Miss Chalfant: (to class): "I hope some day you will all go to the London grave yard."

Don: "You seem unusually happy, this morning, May. The joys of Xmas, I presume?"

May T.: "Yes, the joys of Xmas. I received twenty more presents than I gave. Isn't that enough to make me feel gay?"

Mr. Sidell: "What is magnesium used for, Chester?"
Chester Mc.: "For paste."
Mr. Sidell: "What kind of paste?"
Chester Mc.: "Why, why, sticky paste, of course."

Caesar was a villian,
He had so many wars.
He always hollered, 'Kill 'em',
And they killed 'em by the scores.

SEEING NELLY HOME.

Now it makes no difference whoever I am,
Or whatever I happen to be;
But I want to tell you a story
Of myself, Nelly and "She."

It is a peculiar story
Of a most peculiar swing
But I always start to think of it
When I go upstairs to sing.

It is a simple ditty
Into depths it does not roam
The name of the song I'll tell you—
It is "Seeing Nelly Home."

The story which I will tell you
Starts on a summery night
It ended on the same night, too, and—
Oh, what a sorry plight!

That night I went to a party
And met my old friend Jack,
The kind of a fellow who greets you
With a slap upon the back.

I met Sarah and Sylvia, the twins,
And Bill with a laugh so gay,
I also met my own sweet Nelly,
Who smiled in a winsome way.

The father and mother retired
And left us alone to our frolic;
The only one who objected was—
The baby, and she had the colic.

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And so we frolicked and played
Until the hour was late,
Then our hostess called us to lunch,
Where of creamy fudge we ate.

Creamy fudge served by Nelly,
Which was made, cut and laid,
Not by the Nelly you think of,
But by Nelly the colored maid.

Then Jack across the table,
Winked at Nelly, my own, at my side;
A moment later they were whisp'ring
Under the portico wide.

Now, up to this time, the story
Is under somewhat of a blear,
But now I will explain all,
And make all perfectly clear.

The night this story had happened,
A birthday party was given
In honor of Nelly, just seventeen,
By her friend, Miss Ethel Scriven.

And I was a guest of honor, too,
Amid all that glad array,
For to me was appointed the pleasure,
Of seeing sweet Nelly away.

And the boys and girls were all jealous
Of Nelly, and me, too
For all the boys wanted Nelly,
And the girls, her white frock new.

But the time soon came for parting,
And a goodbye was given to all,
And as I got ready with cane and hat,
Nelly went up for her shawl.

A moment later I saw her
With a heavy veil over her face,
And she went out the door in a hurry
As I followed in lively pace.

She spoke not a word as she hurried
But my heart was beating fast,
The chance that I was longing for
Had come to me at last.

Oh why would not the words come
As I had wished they would,
But I could only stammer
Try as best I could.

At last I said "I love you,"
(Lovers always say the same),
But only a gutteral giggle,
From out of Nelly came.

But what was that across the street,
That made my blood run cold!
It seemed like my own dear Nelly
With another chap fond and bold.

Ye Gods! was I a victim
Of a prank of Nelly or Jack?
I pulled aside my companion's veil
And beheld that her face was black! ! !

—Jerome J. Freundlich.

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Chapter 2. . . . . Maid won.
Chapter 3. . . . . Made one.
(Not original.)

Earl: "How would you like a pet monkey?"
Burndette: "Oh! this is so sudden."

They met by chance;
They will never meet again, I vow,
'Twas sad—the meeting of the two—
A freight train and a cow.

"How do you like codfish balls?"
I said to sister Jenny.
"Well, really, May, I couldn't say
I have never been to any."

See the little bumble-bee,
To its busy hum, oh, listen!
Don't go near that bumble-bee,
Or he'll spoil your disposition.

Howard loved his auto so,
Each day he loved it more.
But it bumped into a hard stone wall,
Now there's crape on Howard's door.

"I care not for the stars that shine,
If Lucille B. will only be mine."

—Jay McIrvin.

Exam. Question: Give interpretation of, "Fair is foul and foul is fair."

Dick Maxwell's answer: "Foul is chicken and chicken is fair."

The good ship "Cigarette" sailed out on the wintry wave
With Captain Pecht, a noble man and brave.

Dewy: (11:30 p. m.) "It's rather cold, to-night; don't you think so, Edna?"

Edna: "Yes, it is. (rather sharply). I believe the door is open; I wish you would please close it from the outside."

Miss Ruess, (assigning lesson to Senior German class): " 'The boy strikes the dog'—in all the tenses of the Indicative Mode."

M. Helter, (translating Cicero): "I leave unsaid much!"

Found on an M. & M. History paper:

"The Hanseatic League was formed to protect overland commerce from pirates on sea."

Mr. Davis, (assigning History lesson): "Now don't pay too much attention to Henry's wives."

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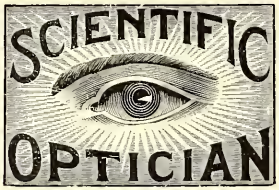

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Miss Black: "If there is any one absent, say so."

Miss Chalfant, (reading "She Stoops to Conquer"): "I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."
Christine B.: "Let me be the lemon."
Charles Reynolds: "You'd make a lovely lemon."
Christine B.: "You'd make a lovely squeezer."

Miss Black, (in Ancient History): "Robert, what was the style of the Ionic architecture?"
Robert Shell: "Spiritual volutes."

He tried to write
An essay great,
Of things he thought
Were in his pate.

He grabbed a pencil,
Paper, too,
To show the school
What he could do.

For subjects he had
Quite a lot,
Elaboration
On the spot.

But when he started
Things to write
He tried with all
His main and might.

He scratched his head,
He crossed his legs,
And drained his brain-box
To the dregs.

But, strange to say,
Within its scope
No words were there,
With which to cope.

At first he frowned,
And then he smiled,
He kicked himself,
For time he whiled.

But all in vain,
It was no use,
No time to cry
Or raise the deuce.

So back again
To work he went,
And tried expression,
To give vent.

He thought of trees,
He thought of flowers,
He thought of girls,
And pleasant bowers.

As thoughts of girls
Quite filled his mind,
No better subject
Could he find.

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He thought of graduation day
And how the public
And his classmates,
He would sway.

And so he straightened
On his seat,
With every wanting
Thing complete.

'Tis not for me
To talk to you,
Of things his pencil
Waded through.

Suffice to say
It was enough,
A lot of awful
Mushy stuff.

The teacher said:
"'Twill never do,
Such rotten stuff
We'll not put through."

The public never
Knew what they,
Had missed on
Graduation Day.

He knows now,
Girls of High School days,
Are not so winning
In their ways.

—Dick Maxwell.

Miss Bedger: "Has anyone here a watch with a second hand?"

R. Hale: "Would a second-hand watch do just as well?"

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My Lady of the Slipper.	H. Underwood.
The Firefly.	Leota Wiles.

Miss Chalfant, (in Senior English): "Those who have a vacant period in the morning, please raise hands."

Louis Brumfield, (raising his hand): "Dorothy Baxter has, too."

Schwein: "I'm going to marry a nice girl and settle down, Dick."

Carrol: "Why not marry a rich one and settle up?"

A man is like a kerosene lamp,
He isn't usually bright.
He is often turned down.
Usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

MY FOOTBALL CAREER.

Oh, yes, I started out for football,
I strove to be a star,
I had a lot of 'Ginger,'
But only went 'so far.'

The 'guys' told me it was some fun,
I planned to take it in,
And now, I think I'm lucky
That I'm not a 'has been.'

I "dolled" all up in a fine new suit,
And started on the run,
To reach the field where I was sure,
I'd have a lot of fun.

The coach said I could play right guard,
I wondered where to go;
I finally landed in my place,
He said, "Now hit 'em low."

They had a certain signal,
Which meant to clear the way.
I was elected 'clearer,'
Oh! what an ended day.

I started on the clearing,
But was a trifle slow,
And "Fat," the big guy on the team,
Gave me an awful blow.

When I woke up from that sweet nap,
I had an awful head.
I didn't know the difference
'Tween the living and the dead.

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Right then, my days were ended,
That is, for that nice game.
I thought I'd stand and look on,
Then go around all lame.

Advice to the prospector,
From one who had the 'try,'
Don't——Play——Football,
Till——You——Want——To——Die.

Deeck Carrol. '14.

F. Ridenour, (translating Immensee): "The lions attached the heathen priests to the wagons and drove them through the desert."

I had a little 'pony,
'Twas colored dapple-gray,
I lent it to a lady
To translate every day.
Did she use it?
She abused it!
She rode it hard all year.
I'll not lend my pet again
To any little dear.

A circular letter which was passed about A. English section:

She leaned against the river, for the sky was too far away.

Pecht will now sing "that ballad" entitled "Mother bring the fire extinguisher, Bobby has swallowed the matches."

Mr. Rush: "Howard, what kinds of farming are there?"

Howard: "There are three kinds: extensive, intensive and pretensive."

Mr. Bauer: "Helen, what is salesmanship?"

Helen Keffer: "Salesmanship is the art of selling a man a dress suit who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."

A youth took a ride in a limousine
One balmy day in June;
He had a girl just sweet sixteen.
And say! but she could spoon.

They rode in the park, o'er hill and knoll,
When the breeze blew a curl in his face,
He smashed his car on a telephone pole
And that was the end of his case.

For five long years we quarreled,
But now our fighting's done:
Two parties to a fuss must be
And now we twain are one.
Mag & Sherm.

Miss Chalfant, (reading from Burke): "The march of the human mind is slow—Lucille, what do you think of that sentence?"

L. Cairns: "I don't exactly see what he means."

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Miss Moore: "Paul, what do you desire to do in this problem?"

Paul M.: "Eliminate you (u)."

A little green freshman, in a green little way,
A little green apple devoured one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave,
O'er that little green freshman's green little grave.

Denzer: "What is the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"

Bill Marquis: "Me, next to a girl."

Miss Abbott: "Do you know how one can tell the age of a turkey, Dorothy?"

D. B.: "I can always tell by the teeth."

Miss Abbott: "By the teeth? But a turkey has no teeth."

D. B.: "No, but I have."

Percy McQuestion: "I've an awful poor memory, Bob, I just can't remember anything over night."

Bob P.: "You haven't two bits you could spare me until tomorrow, have you?"

In Miss Chalfant's English class.

John Culleton, reading in Merchant of Venice, as the eighth grade pupils entered the room: "O! Hell, What have we here."

Miss Patterson: "How much time did you spend on your English, Howard?"

Howard H.: "About half an hour, railroad time."

Miss P.: "What do you mean?"

Howard: "Including the stops."

"Said a worried boy to a fair young girl,
I feel like a ship at sea.
Exams are near and much I fear
That troubled I will be."

"Well, then," said she, "A shore I'll be:
Come rest, your journey's o'er,
And darkness fell and all was well
For the ship hugged the shore."

Mary had a little lamb.
It had a wooden leg.
It followed her to school one day,
And now it's writing "Gregg."

The person who rides his pony
Through his high school course,
Will never have a kingdom,
To give up for a horse.

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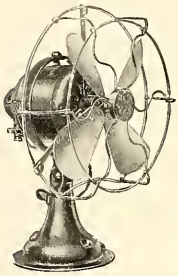

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Pauline D.: "Do you notice the soft warm scent of the flowers you sent me?"

Earl R.: "No, I was thinking of the cold hard dollar they cost me."

Have you noticed the Freshman year is a "Comedy of Errors?" In the Sophomore year there is "Much Ado About Nothing," that the Junior year is about "As You Like It," and that the Seniors, think, "All's Well That Ends Well."

Perry sent Rachel violets to wear to the dance and this is what he told her.

"I give to you a violet.
In token that I'm glad we've met,
And hope we may already yet,
Once more, again, together get.

Mr. Turner: "What is a circle, Harry?"

Harry McNiece: "A hole with a line around it."

Mr. Turner: "No, you are thinking of a modern doughnut, Next."

If there should be another flood,
To you I then would fly;
For though the world would be submerged,
I know you'd still be dry.
To my Physics.

"FAT'S" LOVE AFFAIRS.

Here's to Pete Henry,
Surnamed 'The Fat,'
His loves, they are many;
But the first one was Kat.

But as the days went,
To another he'ed kneel.
And she—can you guess it?
Was none other than Steele.

But 'Fat' turned again;
Was caught in the nets
Of a girl of the H. S.
Cute Billy Etz.

Then again 'Pete' was fickle,
And life was serene,
Till he fell for the charms
Of Davis, Pauline.

But 'Fat' left her also,
And he fell for the face
Of a dear little girlie,
By the way, her name's Grace.

But in all his roaming;
To all he'ed say 'Nay,'
Till he met a slim maiden
Who called herself Fay.

But 'Pete' and she parted,
Tho' in a trance,
But he quickly came to,
When he met Marthy France.

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Her bright auburn hair,
And her smile so sweet,
Went out and fetched in
The languishing 'Pete.'

And now they are happy
As is always the rule,
When true love gets started
In the M. H. S. school.

—Jerome Freundlich, '15.

Miss Black: "Why did Aeneas fall in love with Dido if he didn't intend to marry her?"

Zent Garber: "That was his weakness."

To love is sweet,
But ah! 'tis bitter
To love a girl,
And then not gitter.

Miss Patterson, (to Geneva Hoffman): "What is Lamb's 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets' about?"

Geneva H.: "About great obscure poets of that time."

Mr. Rutt: "What is the name of the angle greater than a right angle?"

Earl Hoffman: "Hypotenuse."

Carrie M's favorite phrase when her hearing fails her: "Oh, what's the joke?"

When the high school caught on fire on February 9, the fire alarm was sent in at once and all the people rushed to the street except Lincoln, who stood by the middle stair way. All afternoon the people complained of the smoke but Lincoln said nothing.

Viola S., (translating in Virgil): "She sits in nothing but air."

Miss Patterson, (translating Spanish): "She suffered horribly when burned at the stake."
J. McIrvin: "Wonder if it hurts to cremate 'em?"

F. Felger, (translating Spanish): "He went to sleep with a dish of beans."

Miss Wiltsie: "Why are the middle ages known as the dark ages?"
Helen S.: "Because there were so many knights."

G. Dodge, (in Physics): "What does a pith ball look like?"
Z. Garber: "Look at your head and you'll know."

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